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SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1955.

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COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

Vital Five Years

ONCE more Britain has put the Tories into power—this time for the vital five years before 1960 which both President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill have said may decide either the dawn of a prosperous world or the shattering of civilisation. With a string of diplomatic successes behind them, the Tories are more confident than ever and the result of the election will be to ensure an even firmer British approach to internal and international problems.

However, the principles of British Foreign policy are not expected to change despite the passing of the "Old Master" Sir Winston Churchill from the Premiership. They will continue to be moderation in the exercise of power; belief in collective security in Europe; and a united Commonwealth diplomatic front.

Collective security (entailing as it does the sacrifice of sovereignty in principle) has already been exemplified in British policy. Examples of this are Britain's membership of NATO and the pledging of troops to the defence of Europe under international command. Talks at the "summit" are the latest development of collective security in Mr Macmillan's view.

BUT these talks do not, at once herald peace. They are the beginning of a new phase of diplomacy designed to break down the iron curtain of suspense and suspicion between East and West and eventually to reach an understanding with the Communist bloc. This may take years. Mr Macmillan has said "we must be prepared to display if necessary a monumental patience in face of the Kremlin's monolithic diplomacy."

Meanwhile there is a long string of issues facing the Foreign Secretary, including the Arab-Israeli problems, Afghanistan's quarrel with Pakistan, the Indo-China trouble and the restoration of peace in the Far East. The Ministry of Commonwealth Relations will be playing an increasingly important part in Britain's relations with her eastern and southeast Asian associates. This will be one new trend in foreign policy. Another will be even closer ties with America. On these basic foundations the Conservatives plan to build for peace.

# TITO REBUFFS KRUSHCHEV

## Party To Party Talks Rejected YUGOSLAVIA AND CO-EXISTENCE

Belgrade, May 27. President Tito of Yugoslavia, informed the visiting top-level Soviet delegation in a three-hour closed meeting that the negotiations here between their two countries should be on a strictly state to state basis, the Agence France-Presse learned.

The Soviet delegation, headed by Soviet Communist Party First Secretary, Nikita Krushchev, and Premier Nikolai Bulganin, arrived here for talks "at the summit" yesterday.

In a courteous but firm reply to statements made on arrival yesterday by Krushchev—who spoke of a tightening of the bonds between the Communist parties of the two countries—Marshal Tito recalled that the aim of the conference was "the mutual desire to continue to improve the relations between the two countries and contribute to the consolidation of peace," as indicated in the joint communiqué which announced the opening of the conference.

Marshal Tito did not criticise the speech made at the airport by Krushchev yesterday, but he declared that the basis of Yugoslav policy was "active co-existence" which he said, should not be confused with "passive co-existence" between the two world power blocs.

Marshal Tito explained that under this principle, Yugoslavia rejected adherence to either of the blocs, but welcomed co-operation with all states, whatever their ideologies or political regimes.

He said that in following this policy, Yugoslavia had already developed extremely good relations with many countries, including India and Burma, and had close relations with Turkey, Greece and numerous countries of Europe and America.

In this spirit, Yugoslavia hoped also to progressively improve its relations with the Soviet Union, he said.

**AVOIDS IDEOLOGY**  
Nowhere in his speech did Marshal Tito mention the words "Marxism" or "Leninism", although these words were used by Krushchev yesterday.

Marshal Tito said that he thought the talks on outstanding problems between the two countries could help to clear the international atmosphere and contribute to a relaxation of international tension.

He expressed satisfaction with sections of Krushchev's speech which indicated that the Soviet Government also wished to improve Soviet-Yugoslav relations on the basis of non-interference in each other's internal affairs, non-aggression,

## Tories Now Have 60 Majority

### Two Results Still To Come

London, May 27. Party standings in the British general election with two out of 630 results still to be declared:

Conservative 344, net gain 23  
Labour 277, net loss 17  
Liberal 5  
Sinn Féin 2, net gain 2  
Irish Labour nil, net loss one  
Irish Nationalist nil, net loss

2 Conservative majority 60.  
(The Conservative figure includes the following seats won by allied groups: 10 Ulster Unionists, three Conservative National Liberals, two Conservative Liberal Unionists, five Liberal Conservatives, one Union Liberal Conservative, six National Liberal Conservatives, two National Liberals.)

**GAINS AND LOSSES**  
Conservative: gains 23, loss 1, net gain 22.

Labour: gain 1, losses 17, net loss 16.

Irish Labour: gain 0, loss 1, net loss 1.

Sinn Féin: gain 1, loss nil, net gain 1.

Irish Nationalist: gain nil, loss 1, net loss 1.

(Net gains exceed net losses by five, the number of additional seats in the new house).

The 23 Conservative gains comprise: 17 Labour seats, one Irish Labour seat and five new seats created by the boundary changes.

The one Labour gain was a Conservative seat.

The one Sinn Féin gain was an Irish Nationalist seat.

**THE POPULAR VOTE**  
Total votes cast for the main party groups in the 625 seats—with percentages of the total poll (figures for the corresponding seats in 1951 shown in brackets):

Conservative 13,255,849—49.87 per cent (13,578,544—47.9 per cent).

Labour 12,388,415—46.60 per cent (13,883,344—49.00 per cent).

Liberal 689,513—2.53 per cent (708,069—2.50 per cent).

Communist 83,154—0.12 per cent (81,640—0.08 per cent).

Others 216,049—0.82 per cent (143,792—0.50 per cent).

Of the total electorate in these areas 76.58 per cent votes as compared with 82.70 per cent in 1951.—Reuter.

## China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:  
P. 5: He lost his love but won the Derby, a world's strangest story, by Bill McGowan.  
P. 6: Ticket to Trouble, by Leonard Mosley. How not to be a Widow, by Chapman Pincher.  
P. 7: Dorothy Dandridge (of "Carmen Jones" fame) interviewed by David Holliday.  
P. 8: Are Intelligence Tests wrong? by Percy Howard.  
P. 9: Week-end Woman-sense.  
P. 13: Stern Discipline in Communist China by Walker Bingham.  
P. 15 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

## BBC Officials Cleared Bribery Charges

London, May 27. An all-male jury today cleared British Broadcasting Corporation officials of bribery allegations after a 20-day hearing of an action brought by showman Hughie Green.

Costs estimated between £30,000 and £35,000 were awarded against Green, 35-year-old former Canadian Air Force pilot.

Green claimed damages from pine defendants, who were alleged to have conspired to keep his amateur talent show "Opportunity Knocks" off the BBC in 1949 and substitute a similar programme presented by Carroll Levis, Canadian impresario.

Green also alleged that two BBC officials and an officer from the official solicitors office in the High Court received bribes from members of Levis's family.

**14 COUNSEL**  
Fourteen counsel, including seven Queen's Counsel, appeared in the case in which more than 650,000 words were spoken.

After a 20-minute retirement, the jury recorded their verdict in favour of the defendants, except with regard to costs for Carroll Levis's brother, Cyril, who is in Canada and who took no part in the proceedings.

The judge awarded judgment for all defendants with costs but granted a 20-day stay of execution pending a possible appeal.

The defendants were: Mr George Stevenson, senior clerk in the official solicitors office of the London High Court; Mr Cecil Frank Meehan, Assistant Head of the BBC's Variety Department; Mr Levis's wife, Mina, and his brother, Cyril; Mr John McMillan, former member of the BBC; the BBC; and two theatrical agents, Mr Joseph William Collins and Will Collins.

All denied conspiracy except Mr Cyril Levis, who took no part in the proceedings. They were all represented by counsel.—China Mail Special.

## RAILWAYMEN TO STRIKE

### Talks Break Down

London, May 27. Last minute talks to avert a national rail strike broke down in London this afternoon almost simultaneously with the news of the Conservative Party's return to power in the general election.

Only some direct move by Sir Anthony Eden's new Cabinet—meeting in London this evening—now seemed likely to prevent the strike starting on schedule at midnight tomorrow, eve of the big Whitsun holiday.

The strike threat, rapidly hardening to a certainty was made by the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen in support of a pay claim for their 70,000 members.

The National Union of Railwaymen has instructed its 400,000 members to continue at work in the event of a strike.

But the stoppage will still immobilise four out of five trains scheduled to run over the country's railway system as the majority of long-distance train crews—firemen and engine drivers—belong to ASLEF.

After today's abortive talks at the Ministry of Labour, Mr Jim Batty, General Secretary of ASLEF, said: "I think it is inevitable that strike action will take place."

**FINAL PLANS**  
This afternoon the striking union laid final plans for the stoppage and the Transport Commission drew up a list of essential supplies and services to be given priority. They include mail, perishable foodstuffs, fuel, medical supplies and newspapers.

After the breakdown of this afternoon's talks with the railwaymen, Sir Walter Monckton, the Minister of Labour, had talks with Sir Anthony Eden, the Prime Minister, just returned to London from his strenuous electioneering campaign.

Afterwards Sir Anthony called a meeting of all available Cabinet ministers to consider latest developments. About half of the Cabinet members are still out of London.—Reuter.

## Thai Premier To Visit The UK

London, May 27. Thailand's Prime Minister, Pibul Songgram, will visit Britain on June 7, the Foreign Office announced tonight.

The Foreign Office issued the following communiqué: "On the invitation of Her Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom, His Excellency, Field-Marshal Pibul Songgram, Prime Minister, Minister of Defence and Minister of Culture of Thailand, will arrive in London on Tuesday June 7 for an official visit to the United Kingdom."

"The Prime Minister is accompanied by his wife, by the Deputy Foreign Minister of Thailand and by a number of officials."

"The visit forms part of a world tour which the Prime Minister is undertaking, in the course of which he is visiting four continents."

"During the visit which will last until June 13, the Field-Marshal will be received by Her Majesty the Queen and will meet United Kingdom Ministers."—France-Press.

## Beautiful Girl's Suicide

Singapore, May 27. Jilted by her lover, a beautiful 19-year-old Chinese girl deliberately walked onto a railway track and lay face down as an express train thundered towards her, the Singapore coroner was told today.

Second Lieutenant David Lewis of the Singapore District Signals Regiment told the Assistant Coroner, Mr Giam Chong-hing that he saw the girl, Ong Eng-wee, walk onto a railway crossing at Kranji on March 23 and lie down in front of the train "calmly."

He said he shut his eyes as the train roared towards her. Police evidence showed that two letters were found on the girl's body indicating that she was going to take her life because her dance wanted to break off her engagement.

A verdict of suicide was returned.—China Mail Special.

## Assault On Mountain Abandoned

New Delhi, May 21. The Kenya mountaineering expedition to Himal Chuli (25,800 feet) reached 20,000 feet before abandoning their attempt on the unconquered peak because of bad weather, injury to their leader and desertion by their porters, it was disclosed today.

A letter from Mr David McDowell Wilson, a member of the expedition, said that Arthur Firmin, the joint leader, broke his thigh in a fall on a boulder 16,300 feet up on May 16.

Mr Firmin was then reconnoitering a route for a second attempt on the peak after the first had found the way barred 20,000 feet up on the southwestern face.

**BAD WEATHER**  
In one month the expedition had only one day's good weather, and because of the continual snow, the porters refused to climb. The climbers and the sherpas had to do all the carrying after that, the letter said.

Two nurses from the British missionary hospital at Pokhara, west of Kathmandu, have left to bring back Mr Firmin, 43-year-old Nairobi photographer. The stretcher party will probably take about eight days to cross the rough mountain tracks.—Reuter.

**RIOT QUELLED**  
Paris, May 27. Three demonstrators were killed and about 40 injured today when police quelled a riot in Yaounde, capital of the French Cameroons, started by Communist agitators.—France-Press.

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EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW  
"THE BRIDGES OF TOKO-RI"

KING'S at 11.30 a.m. EMPIRE at 12 Noon

## PRINCESS

## EXTRA SHOWS TO-MORROW

At 11.00 a.m. R.K.O.-DISNEY presents  
Feature-length Technicolor Cartoon  
"SNOW WHITE & THE SEVEN DWARFS"

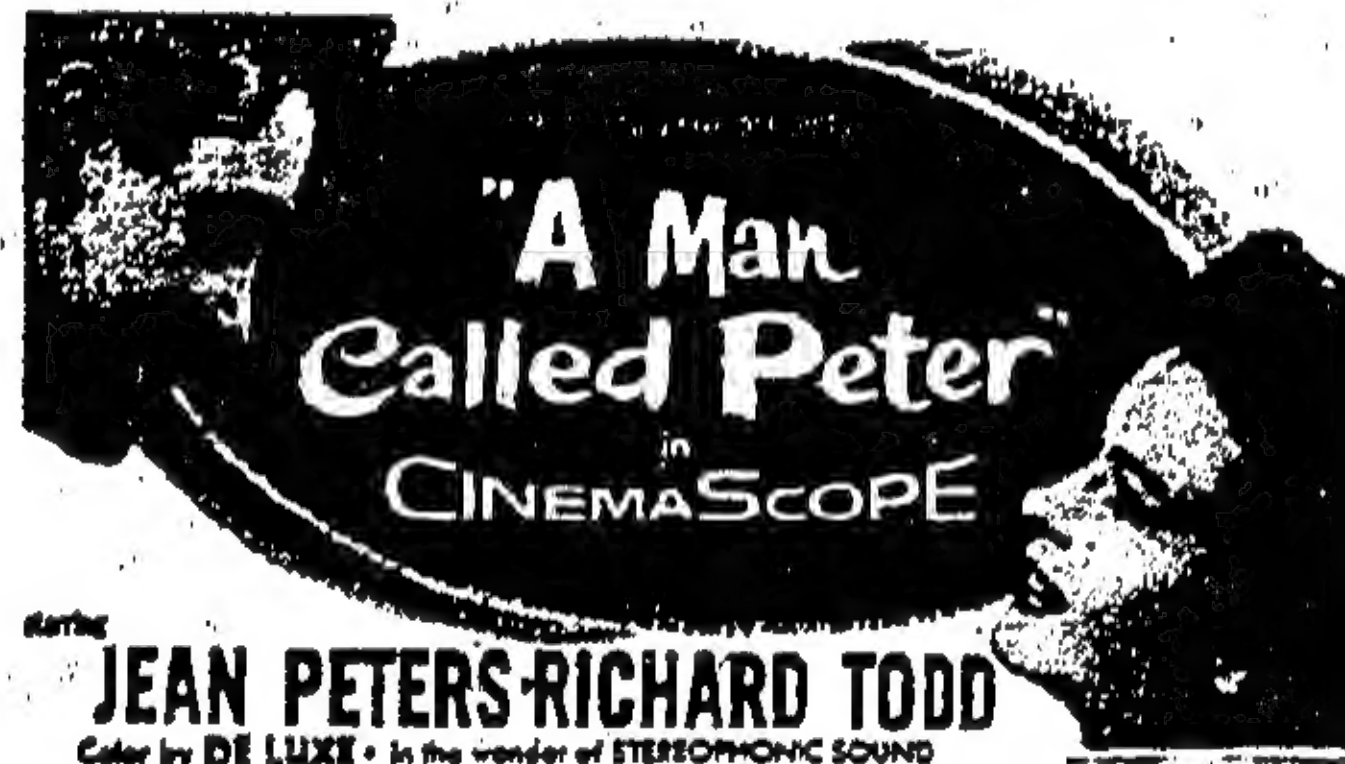
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At 12.20 p.m. Kala Kendra presents  
A Superb Indian Production  
SUMITRADEVI & MAHAPAL in  
"CHIRAG-E-CHIN"  
Produced by C. M. TRIVEDI Directed by C. M. TRIVEDI & C. P. PAWAR  
At Regular Prices

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

## OPENS TO-DAY

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:  
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



ROXY: 5 Shows To-morrow "A MAN CALLED PETER"  
Extra Performance At 12.00 Noon  
BROADWAY: To-morrow Morning Show at 12.30 p.m.  
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SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.  
"ON MOONLIGHT BAY" "THE MILLION POUND NOTE"

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

4-Track Stereophonic Sound — Giant Wide Screen!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 p.m.  
A NEW PROGRAMME OF 3 STOOGE'S VARIETIES

## FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The screenplay of "Svengali" is taken from Gerald du Maurier's 19th century novel, "Trilby" and much of the original melodrama has been preserved.

It's a fantastic story even apart from Donald Wolf's fear-some playing of the dominant part.

Trilby is an artist's model living in Paris who comes under the hypnotic spell of Svengali, an eccentric, evil-minded teacher of singing, who is convinced he is a musical genius.

She has met him through three English students, one of whom falls in love with her. Svengali, though obviously too far gone in sin to be capable of the pure, idealistic (and to judge from Billy's reactions,) painful emotion of love, has a strong feeling for her too, and the battle for the heart of the blonde beauty rages backwards and forwards over her head.

With sometimes a point ahead of the reserved and easily shocked Billy (Terence Morgan) and at others the advantage going to the eye-rolling Svengali. While all this mental upheaval is going on Svengali has enough time left on his hands to hypnotise Trilby into becoming a great singer. This is where dubbing comes in, as, although Hildegard Neff's voice is good enough for the Cole Porter stage show "Silk Stockings", it is hardly of concert platform calibre. So when Miss Neff appears to be singing Brahms' "Garden Song" or Schubert's "Ave Maria" it will be the world famous tones of Elizabeth Schwarzkopf that come over on the sound track.

William Holden  
In A Quandary

William Holden in "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" seems as puzzled by his presence in the film as Fredric March, as his commanding officer, is by the necessity of sending nice young men out on dangerous missions.

Both of these are disturbing. We're used to seeing William Holden catch hold of a role after obviously having turned it inside out to examine the meaning and purpose behind it and then interpret it in his own gifted manner.

He doesn't seem to know what to do with Lt. Brubaker. This may be a very subtle way of handling the personality of a mentally disturbed young family man suddenly recalled from his peacetime law practice to the danger of a war being fought in a foreign country by alien people, but it doesn't make us very interested in his problem.

Then there's the picture of a commanding officer who has reached the top through many years of hard service and difficult decisions, appearing indeterminate, war-weary, and almost obsessed by the personal problems of his officers.

It's difficult to believe in this conception of a successful commander. The higher a man progresses the more his responsibilities grow, and the morbid preoccupation with the logic of war and the disrupted lives it causes should have no place in the busy day of the type of man Fredric March plays. Possibly in the quiet of the



Grace Kelly as she appears in "The Bridges at Toko-Ri".

evening over a glass of gin he could be permitted a moment of so-called introspection to wonder what it was all about, but hardly in the middle of important naval operations.

Perhaps it would have made a better picture if the roles of these two had been reversed. Grace Kelly doesn't have much more to do than look like a charming young wife, modest and quiet, loving and understanding her husband and two small girls.

There's a suggestion of the old bouncy Mickey Rooney in his portrayal of a helicopter pilot, efficient at his job but always ready for girls or scraps. Cocksure and confident, this is a stock character for Rooney, and he plays it with assurance.

It's the photography that really steals the picture. The cameras recording the bombing runs over the Toko-Ri bridges place on the screen a more telling justification for Lt. Brubaker's fears and his courage in the face of them than all William Holden's anxieties of mind, expressed and intimated.

Variation On A  
Stevenson Theme

I'm not sure whether Dawn Addams made "Return to Treasure Island" before or after her much-publicised marriage to the Italian Prince Massimo, so I am not certain whether this was meant to be a step forward in her artistic career in order that she could, with a blaze of trumpets, proclaim her renunciation of art in favour of domesticity.

In it she is a relative of Stevenson's Jim Hawkins and is in possession of a map showing the location of the buried loot of Treasure Island.

I wonder what Stevenson would have thought of the present day hero (Tab Hunter) who helps her fight off the inevitable villains, provides the romance that Jim Hawkins was too young to be entitled to and assists her to carry off the treasure in the last reel.

George Cole  
Again

"A Prize of Gold" takes us, first on a conducted tour of post-war Berlin with Richard Widmark as the conductor.

He's an American military policeman attached to the American Air Force—a very ordinary young man, childishly pleased at being able to show off his comfortably furnished apartment to his less well-paid British buddy, George Cole.

This is a different role again for chameleon-like George. "Spies" is his nickname in "A Prize of Gold" but it's not the comic-strip sharpie that he played in "The Belles of St. Trinian's", but a much more dangerous and insidious type.

Apparently as ordinary as the as yet uncompromised Widmark when we first meet him, he uses his job as a military policeman to engage in small fiddling—though, as he hastens to assure his American friend, he's got the connections for a much bigger job.

Both Cole and Widmark are likable characters, but while Cole is without conscience, Widmark is weak, a bit of a show-off, and a pushover for a pretty girl with a sob story, and a lot of war orphans to look after like Mai Zetterling.

In order to get herself and the children to Brazil, Mai is

playing up to a repulsive Berliners all with the purest intentions of course—when along comes Widmark with his rather juvenile and adaptable ideas of chivalry. Clump down the stairs goes greasy boy friend and with him tumbles Mai's dream of escape from poverty with the children.

The film opens with an effective contrast. The first shot after the bright, clean associations of the title is of a dredger bringing up sticky black mud.

A cry from the operator focuses our attention on the shovel as it opens to spill out its load. Gold bars hastily tipped into the river by fleeing Nazis are the catch, and the German operators rush off to report his find to the Allied authorities.

## A Pleasant Surprise

You can guess the plot now, naturally. Cole for gain and Widmark for love plan to pirate the aircraft carrying one of the loads back to England.

If these two had been less sympathetic characters the interest would have ended here. You'd assume that after almost getting away with it they'd have been caught and probably killed.

Well, you've a pleasant surprise in store—there's much more to it than that. Three more players are introduced into the plot at this point. Nigel Patrick as a suave, unrepentant pilot willing to do anything for a price, a British counterpart of Mai's oily black marketeer (a good characterisation this—he's made his pile, refuses to come in on the plan at the start in case it hazards his newly-bought respectability and is finally overcome by greed for a final haul), and a slow-witted garage-owner.

Although far-fetched, this picture has action combined with good studies from some of the lesser characters. This is no reflection on Richard Widmark, the star.

His is a role that he's played often before and one which his fans like to see him in. If he branches out into real acting it won't be via a film of this type.

Mai Zetterling's unusual looks seem to appeal for a more meaty part than she's been given here and instead of supporting established American stars she should be given a chance to re-introduce herself in her own right.

Merry-Go-Round  
Of Music

"Deep in My Heart" takes you on a musical merry-go-round through the life of Sigmund Romberg.

Pretty well every song he ever wrote is included, with nearly the whole show-case of MGM's musical stars making guest appearances to put them over.

And when Rosemary Clooney, Gene Kelly or Cyd Charisse aren't there, there's always the chameleon Hedy Lamarr to take the stage.

Joe Ferrer plays Romberg and it's interesting to contrast his happy performance in this with the bitter, disillusioned lawyer of "The Caine Mutiny".

## Around Hollywood

## by Michael Ruddy

Sir Cedric Hardwicke was asked for some advice about acting during a brief interlude in "The Ten Commandments" at Paramount where the Red Sea is now being created ready for the Crossing by De Mille's Children of Israel. "G. B. Shaw had this to say," replied Sir Cedric. "Look after the part. The billing and the money will look after themselves."

Take the cash and let the credit go? Not in Hollywood.

In 1937, a 13-year-old singer-dancer had a wonderful opportunity to show his stuff in "Sing, You Sinners" at Paramount Studios. He was featured in a rollicking number, titled "Small Fry" with Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray. Last week, we saw this number again with Bing and Fred and the boy, Bing looks older, so does Fred, and so does the boy. The boy? Donald O'Connor, now co-starring with Bing in "Anything Goes."

## Sir Arthur's Advice

Then we were shown, in rough-form, a sequence from "Anything Goes" with Bing and Donald. In it are all the classic music-hall gags of the great comedies. It's uproariously funny. Afterwards, at lunch, in the private dining-room, as guests of Bing, we chatted with

Donald, rather serious in real life. "I'm a fugitive in real life," he says. "I hope to spend a month or so in Britain this summer. I would like to visit Glasgow again. Well, I ought to. I'm a Freeman of the City, sir. And I want to motor—right word?—through the countryside and do the inn, just as Sir Arthur Morse of the British Travel Association suggests."

Also at the luncheon were Milti Gaynor, hitting her stride as a comedienne and dancer, and Jeanne Marie, a pixie who smiles when she doesn't know "ow you say eet" in English.

The studio production chief, Don Hartman, came in for some rubbing when he rose to say a few words. He took it well, even when Bing called out, "Look at the time. We've got to get the hell back to the set. I've got a piece of the picture."

Stewart Granger, the Great White Hunter, will have a Roman holiday on his next film, "The Last Hunter" with Robert Taylor and Lloyd Nolan who's just completed a run of 88 performances in "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial." South Dakota will be the locale for the cinema safari, with Buffalo (actually bison) herds as the game.

In France in July, Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn to recreate the roles of Van Gogh and Gauguin in "Lust for Life."

And Lilian Gish marks her 50th anniversary as an actress with the release of "The Cobweb" a cheerful yarn set in a mental hospital.

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

## SHOWING TO-DAY



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S

5 SHOWS

"A Prize of Gold"

AT 11.30 A.M.

ALHAMBRA

At 11.30 a.m. Only  
RKO present Lex Barker  
"TARZAN AND  
THE SHE-DEVIL"  
Reduced Prices!

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20 Reels Divided into 2 Programmes

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PROGRAMME No. 1

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12.30 p.m. Monday

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## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## Peaceful Use Of Atomic Energy

## Why Britain Is Ahead Of America

The United States, whose atom bomb ended World War II, is in the peculiar position of watching Britain forge ahead in peace-time atomic energy.

A nuclear expert reported, "it's simply that the U.S. has plenty of cheap power."

Dr. Lawrence R. Hafstad, former director of the Reactor Development Division of the Atomic Energy Commission and now atomic energy consultant for the Chase Manhattan Bank, told a news conference recently that "England is forging ahead with her £300,000,000 programme of building power reactors."

"The British have the incentive of high fuel costs—roughly double the fuel costs in this country."

Dr. Hafstad, who has just returned from a five-week tour of Europe, declared "it will take an extra effort on the part of U.S. industry simply to hold

its own in peace-time atomic energy."

Assuming America fights to regain leadership in the field, he said, two possible courses lie ahead:

1. Subsidizing private industry in the U.S.
2. Relaxing security rules to let American business firms compete in the world market by exporting reactors, or "atomic furnaces."

"Many foreign countries would like to buy reactors, in order to get the power," Dr. Hafstad said. "But in Europe they would want to learn how to build them."

"The governments abroad will find the money. The lack of it is a bottleneck until now."

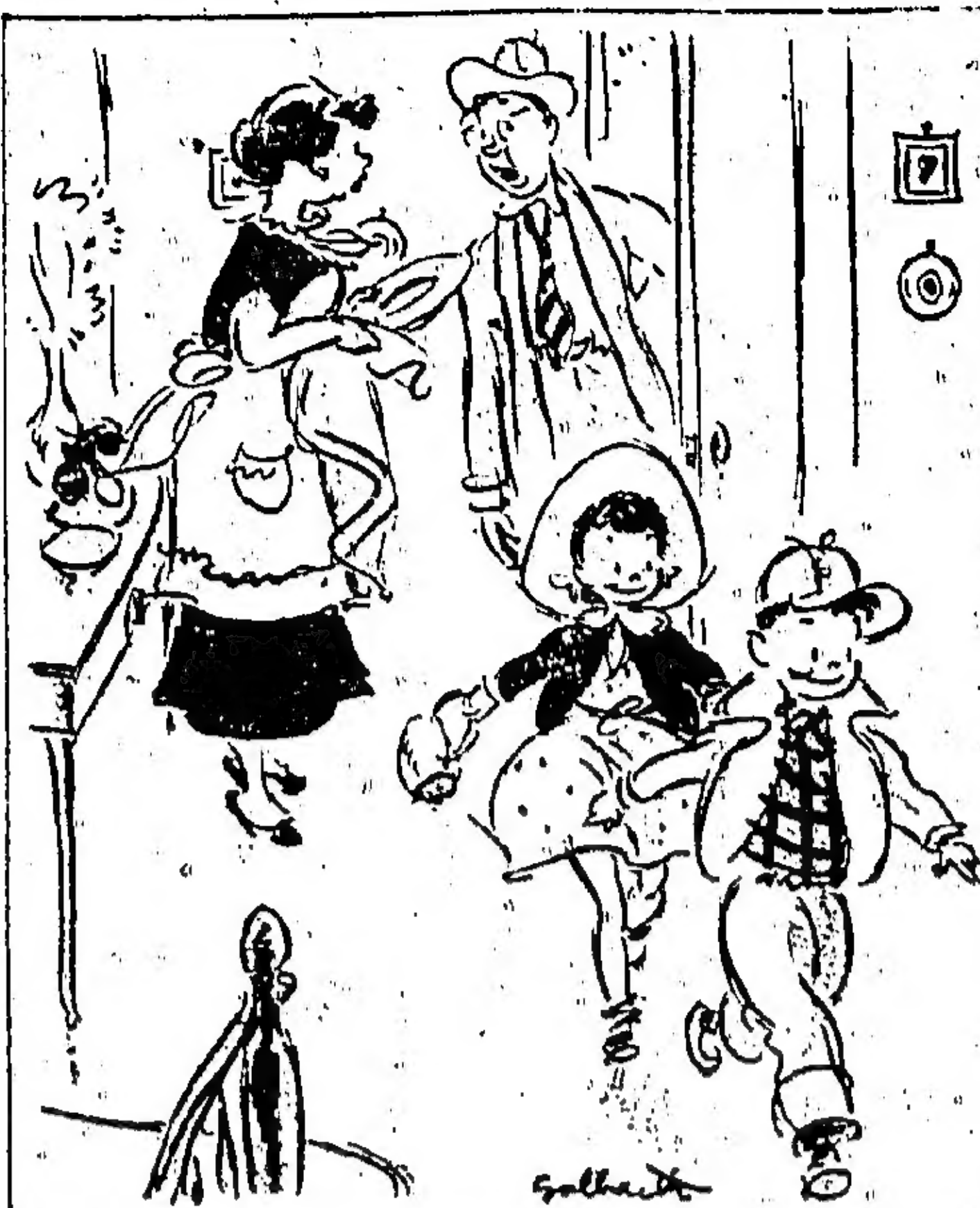
It cost about US\$25,000,000 to build a single nuclear power reactor, he said.

"The U.S. can't move forward in this field until there is a profit for industry," he continued.

At present, the biggest peace-time atomic project in America was the \$45,000,000 power plant being built by Duquesne Light Co. with government aid at Shippingport, Pa.

The first of Britain's 12 power plants under its 10-year programme would be finished next year, or well in advance of completion date for the American power station, Dr. Hafstad said.—United Press.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"It's a waste of time taking them to the movies—they kept waking me up for popcorn and candy bars!"

## He Recorded A Collision Of Stars

100 Million Years Ago

London.

A scientific disc jockey, Professor A. C. B. Lovell played a recording last week of a "symphony of sound" made by the collision of two star galaxies 100 million years ago.

The sound was picked up by radio-telescopes recently and recorded by the professor. It had only reached earth from outer space. The crash was reduced to mere whispers and hisses by a million centuries of travel through space.

Professor Lovell's radio-telescopes are like huge ear lamps and are sensitive to ultra-short waves. They pick up "signals" representing energy given off by stars in outer-space.

The 10-inch record he played to the Royal Society of Art illustrated by sound the "battle of the stars" which orthodox telescopes could not have seen.

He said the sound undoubtedly was what was left of the tremendous noise made when the two galaxies of stars in the constellation Cygnus beyond the Milky Way collided 100 million years ago.

Professor Lovell, head of the Radio-Astronomy Centre at Jodrell Bank near Manchester said the collision produced great energy.

"But how that energy was produced we do not yet know," he said.

## "Invisible" Stars

Professor Lovell's radio-telescopes can probe out stars invisible to ordinary telescopes. British scientists have added 2,000 such "invisible" stars to northern hemisphere space charts.

Professor Lovell is constructing what will be the largest radio-telescope in the world and hopes to make a new map of the universe with it.

The new equipment will have a steel saucer 250 feet in diameter mounted on steel stanchions 180 feet high. It will cost \$2,000,000 and is to be completed by the end of this year.

"It will give us a clear lead of four to five years over our nearest rivals in America. And these years will be the most exciting in the field of radio-astronomy," Professor Lovell said.—United Press.

## Behind 'The Curtain'

STUDENTS ACCUSED OF LAZINESS

Vienna.

UNIVERSITY students behind the Iron Curtain are uninterested in their work and politically lazy, Communist newspapers have complained.

They said students often cut out as many as fifty per cent of classes, were disrespectful to their professors and showed almost no interest in seminars on Marxism.

The Budapest newspaper "Szabad Ifjúság" called on the Communist youth organizations to tighten their hold on student groups. It warned against "bad rightist political ideologies" prevalent among the students.

Former Minister of Defence Mihály Farkas said, "the enemy has succeeded in making students believe mistakes made by the regime were much greater than was actually the case."

He charged that "a petty bourgeois complacency has been gaining ground in the student body."

## Cynical

The weekly "Irodalmi Ujság" said students had no interest in Hungarian politics. "Large segments of the student body are cynical, indifferent, and lack faith in our cause."

It said, "nationalistic and cosmopolitan ideas are spreading. Teachers and students are suspicious of each other. Communist seminars lack frankness and energy. The spirit of the government programme has not penetrated to the universities."

Bulgarian newspapers have accused students of not taking the "socialist approach" to their studies.

"They study the different subjects superficially and are only interested in passing their exams with as little work as possible. The grades in history of the Bulgarian Communist Party and economics are generally very low," the Sofia newspaper "Veschni Novini" said.

Students have "little idea of honour, principles and honesty," the newspaper concluded.—United Press.

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## 109-year-old Organ Still Going Strong

Calgary, Alta.

A 109-year-old organ that is now a showpiece is still going strong despite a history of rugged travel.

Tom Shaw, organ specialist at the Alberta Piano Company who has been in the business for 41 years, says he has never seen an instrument like the eight-foot, 300-pound, solid walnut organ which he plans to save as a relic.

Made in 1846 by a firm now out of business, the organ was bought in Newcastle-on-Tyne, just before the turn of the century the owners left England for San Francisco, bringing the organ along.

After moving for a time to Chicago, the family came to Alberta, settling in the Drumheller Valley.

Until three years ago, when Mr. Shaw obtained the organ, it had remained with the same family. Finally the great-granddaughter of the original purchaser became tired of dusting the outsized knick-knack and brought it into Calgary.

Inside the little mirrored doors above the keyboard, Mr. Shaw found evidence of the organ's wanderings: two yellowed newspapers, one from San Francisco dated 1890, and the other from Chicago, dated 1903.

Mr. Shaw said the 15-stop reel organ has never had a major overhaul, yet every stop works.

"These organs last forever—unless the mice get into them," he said.—United Press.

## Germans Now Making 'Nazi' Films

Berlin.

After nearly 10 years West Germany has finally plucked up enough courage to make films of the Nazi era.

In the immediate post-war years German films were mainly light, frothy comedies, operettas and family-type movies designed to take audience's minds off the harsh realities of life in a defeated country. Films depicting the Nazi leaders were strictly "verboten" by common consent throughout the industry.

Now "realistic" films are making a comeback, and the figures of Hitler, Goebbels, Himmler and other Nazi leaders are once more striding across German screens.

Recently the world premiere of an Austrian film "The Last Act," depicting the last days of Hitler in the Reich Chancellery, shocked censors by bringing back the "bad, old days."

Many women wept openly when the screen Hitler, Viennese actor named Albin Stoda, said brutally "a hundred thousand lives do not matter at all."—United Press.

## Needs A Stimulus

He said the U.S. had agreed to supply uranium 235 as part of an international pool for fostering peace-time uses of the atom.

Japan, Italy, India and Brazil were the four most likely customers abroad for buying American-made reactors.

He emphasized that America needed a stimulus to develop a nuclear power programme—and suggested the push must come from private industry.

The U.S. had plenty of "cheap power," the atomic expert said, adding that "there's no hurry here."

## New Finds In The Sands Of Egypt

Cairo.

Dr. Zakaria Goniem, Chief Inspector of Antiquities at Sakkarah, who has been following the trail of a "lost" pharaoh inside a 4,800-year-old unfinished step-pyramid, has found ancient gold jewellery and funerary objects inscribed with the holy name Zoser, used for the king in after-life.

Discovery of these objects is considered "promising" and Dr. Goniem hopes that Dr. Goniem's current excavations will unearth the elusive mummy of the Third Dynasty king, buried inside the centuries-sealed tomb.

During his excavations in the sand-covered pyramid last year, Goniem discovered a magnificent, presumably unopened alabaster sarcophagus of pale gold colour. The sarcophagus lay in the middle of a rock-hewn, cavern-like chamber in the centre of the pyramid underground.

The sarcophagus was found to be empty, and Dr. Goniem described it as a dummy. He said it was never used for the actual burial of the pharaoh, but was intended for a mock burial ceremony, during the Heb-Sed festival held during the king's lifetime. Dr. Goniem said the sarcophagus chamber was just a "ritual tomb."

## Small Ivory Tablet

Archaeological sources said the king's after-life name was inscribed on a small ivory tablet found in a rubble-filled gallery which Dr. Goniem was exploring. The same name was found written on beautiful alabaster vessels dug up from the subterranean passageway.

The current diggings have also yielded an unspecified collection of gold jewellery and a quantity of papyrus sheets with hieroglyphic writings which are being deciphered.

The presence of inscriptions of the name Zoser on the recent finds is considered by experts to indicate that the owner of the unfinished step-pyramid was the immediate successor of Pharaoh Giza I, and hence probably a relative of his. The discoveries have established the existence of close bonds between Zoser I and his younger namesake.

Historical lists of ancient Egyptian kings, such as the "Twin Papyrus," mention Zoser II as the immediate successor of Zoser I. The ancient historian Manetho said that Zoser II reigned on the throne of the Upper and Lower Kingdoms for six years.—United Press.

## Eskimos Prepare To Move Their Town With Tractors

Toronto.

Canada's Eskimos will feel the impact of the machine age at long last.

Two Eskimos who have never driven a car or tinkered with anything mechanical outside of an outboard motor have reported for work in a Toronto machine shop. Peter Thatcher and Elijah Tokok will learn everything they can about tractors in the next few months.

The two Arctic nomads have been chosen by the Federal Government to act as emissaries of the machine age in their hometown of Aklavik. They will be the key men in a Government plan to move their hometown next year.

The Government will shift the town to a site 33 air miles or 80 frozen sea miles away. Special equipment will be flown in and hauled to the spot on the big day. Thatcher,

who usually travels by dog-team will haul heavy gear by caterpillar tractor.

## Soil Conditions

Soil conditions have made it impossible to construct an efficient sewerage system in Aklavik so it was decided to move the community en masse.

The town has been the headquarters for police, military and administrative departments of the Federal Government. Its schools and hospitals serve 1,000 Eskimos over a wide

area and it's home for 250 whites and 150 Eskimos.

Thatcher, 24, a bachelor, cuts ice for the navy, traps and logs for a living. Tokok, 38, a married man with five children, earns his living by whaling and acting as night-watchman at the local hospital and Anglican school.

The two men were chosen from 45 applicants for the tractor course. They will have to know the parts of the complicated engine, order parts, know how to repair them, fit them and carry out repairs.

## A Practical Race

The Rt. Rev. Donald B. Marsh, Anglican Bishop of the Arctic, thinks the men will pass the course.

"Eskimos are a practical race by nature," he said. "One man I know gained a reputation as a watch-mender without taking a single lesson. They are wizards with machinery."—United Press.

## Canada's Sharp-shooting

'Annie' Wins The Cups

She's Quick On The Trigger

Montreal.

Glamorous Mrs. Lois O'Brien took up shooting a few years ago because she didn't want to be a "hunting widow." Hunting led to skeet-shooting and Mrs. O'Brien recently became the first woman to hold the Quebec skeet-shooting championship.

With skeet-shooting, there's no chance of a tasty bird for the pot. But the sport, shooting with a shotgun at moving clay discs called "birds," can be kept going most of the year.

The slim, blonde champion entered her first tournament only two years ago. Last year, she and her stockbroker husband, Bill O'Brien, became the first Canadians to win the U.S. husband-and-wife championship at the American national meet.

By shattering 99 out of 100 of the clay birds, which are thrown in the air by an automatic ejector, Mrs. O'Brien won the provincial ladies' championship and the ladies' open championship as well as the provincial mixed title at the Montreal meet this month.

The young mother of three children, said in an interview that ammunition was the heaviest expense in the sport. One round of 25 shots costs \$2.50 to \$3.00 and it was not unusual to fire 500 shots in a tournament.

Last summer, the O'Briens entered 10 three-day tournaments in Canada and the United States. They plan to defend their husband-and-wife title at the U.S. national this year.—United Press.

## In Sunny Spain

They'll Even Bet Their Lives Away

Madrid.

Spaniards, like visitors to Las Vegas, will bet on anything, but sometimes the results are disastrous.

In Elbar, Luis Santos Garcia, 24, bet his friends he could drink two bottles of cognac, in one sitting. He died in the attempt.

In Pamplona, Amador Pulido Navarr bet his friends five pesetas he could swim the swift flowing Aragon river. He was on the point of drowning when hauled out by police rescue squads.—United Press.

## EUROPE'S LATEST JOKES

London.

The English seem to think that is a pretty funny story. I got to wondering what the rest of Europe is laughing at these days and wrote to some friends in United Press bureaus on the continent. Here are some samples:

From France:

An American tycoon, touring the world by jet plane, is advised by the pilot: "Look below. That's France."

"Skip the details," said the American. "Just mention the continents."

From Vienna:

A Russian, completing a tour of the Louvre in Paris, was asked by a Frenchman how he liked it.

"Quite good," said the Russian, "especially like the Mona Lisa, which is painted by the great Russian Leonardo da Vinci."

From Prague:

Two Czechs were in front of the U.S. Embassy admiring a Cadillac.

"Wonderful," said one, "what Soviet engineering genius coupled with Soviet production know-how can turn out."

"But that's an American car," protested a second Czech.

"I know that," said the first, "but I don't know who you are."—United Press.





A new Joan of Arc has appeared in London to challenge Siobhan McKenna's astounding performance as Bernard Shaw's heroine. The new Joan (above) Dorothy Tutin, who stars in a translation of a play by French dramatist Jean Anouilh and translated by Christopher Fry. (Express)



DANNY KAYE, back in London for another season at the world's greatest music hall — the London Palladium — waves to photographers crowding the airport on his arrival. (Express)



ANOTHER film star in London at the moment is Linda Christian, who has just won a million dollar divorce from Tyrone Power. She is telephoning a friend from her Savoy Hotel suite. (Express)



LADY Marys Rous, 24-year-old cousin of the Duke of Westminster, who in her time has been waitress, model, cook-general and a factory hand, has a new job. She has become a private detective, working for Britain's biggest agency. (Express)

## HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



BARON Hans Heinrich Herwarth von Bittenfeld, Germany's first Ambassador to Britain since 1939 (left), is greeted at Liverpool Street Station by Mr. Marcus Cheke, Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps. The Baron, who is 50, prefers to be known as plain Herr Herwarth. (Express)



THREE famous athletes ran from Buckingham Palace the other day in the first lap of a relay to three ancient churches. Each runner bore a cheque from the Historic Churches Preservation Trust handed to him by the Duke of Edinburgh. Here the Duke watches Dr. Roger Bannister, Chris Chataway and Chris Brasher dash away. (Express)



DAVID ELLIS was born so crippled eight years ago at Mexborough, Yorkshire, that doctors feared he would never walk. But three years ago when his sister Rosamund started dancing lessons, he joined in, wearing specially-built shoes. Gone now is the leg iron. What's more, David has just won 83 marks, only two short of honours, in a primary dancing examination at Sheffield. (Express)



ARTHUR SARSFIELD WARD — otherwise known as Sax Rohmer — British born creator of the indestructible evil genius, Dr Fu Manchu, has returned to England from the United States for a five-month holiday. He is seen with his wife. A U.S. television contract will bring him over £1,400,000 in the next two years. (Express)



BEWITCHINGLY lovely is Hungarian actress Eva Bartok in her first stage role in Britain. She is co-starring with Sam Wanamaker in "Lovers," a play based on the Emile Zola novel, "Therese Raquin." (Express)

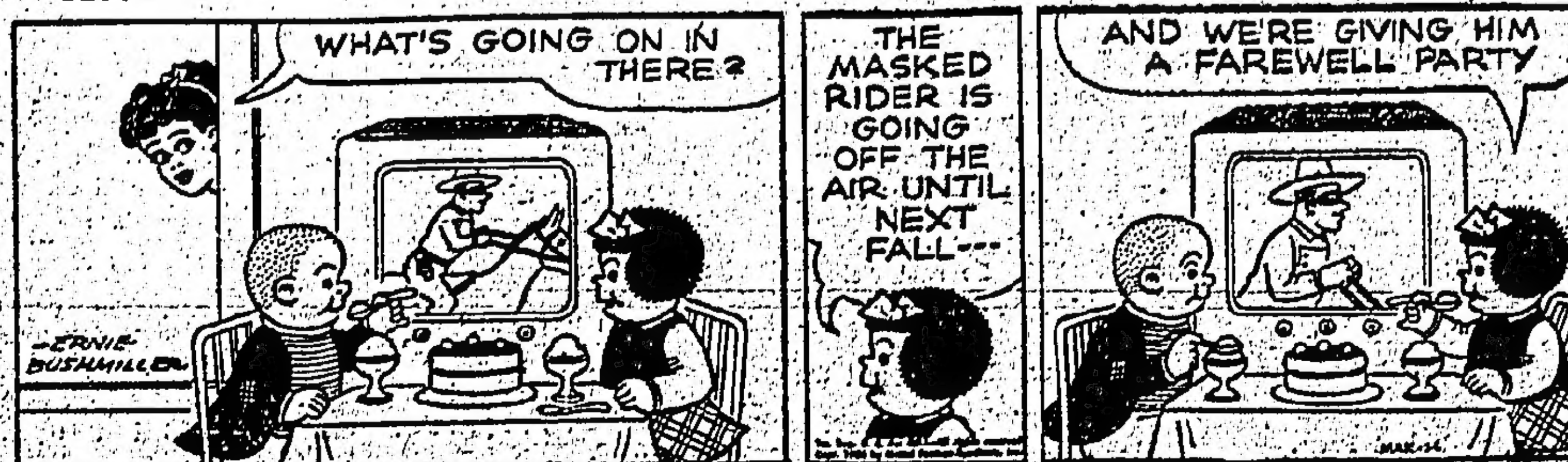


RELAXING between dances at the Rose Ball at Grosvenor House, London, are Lord Melgund and the Countess of Dalketh, who wears her hair in the new Princess Margaret style. She is the daughter of Mr and Mrs John McNeill of Hongkong. (Express)



BELOW: The American crusader, Dr. Billy Graham, arriving at Wembley for the first of his open air meetings in London. He later preached at Windsor in the presence of the Queen. (Express)

### NANCY



BLACK  
MAGIC  
ASSORTED  
CHOCOLATES



## Paris Newsletter

Mister E  
Turns Off  
The Acid

From SAM WHITE

PEACE is breaking out all over, even on the corpse-strewn literary front. In Paris at the moment, 61-year-old Soviet propagandist and writer Ilya Ehrenburg told me that the chief reason for his visit is to secure Russian translation rights for several "bourgeois" authors.

These include Ernest Hemingway, who has not been published in Russia since his bitter denunciations of Communist methods in his Spanish Civil War novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and French philosopher novelist Jean Paul Sartre, who until recently was being denounced as the arch-type of "cosmopolitan decadent."

Mr. Ehrenburg, a considerable cosmopolitan himself, also hopes to take back to Moscow an exhibition of younger French painters for, as he says, "the only difference I can see between present-day Russian paintings and your academy is that Marshal Bulganin does not paint."

Ehrenburg, a stooped, frail figure with wispy white hair, pale, thin face and watery blue eyes, was Russia's counterpart of Goebbels during the war. He conducted a "hate the Germans" campaign in the Red Army newspaper.

## DECADENCE?

Between 1934 and 1939 he lived in Paris as correspondent for *L'Avant-garde* and won a Stalin prize for a novel depicting, in lurid colours, the "decadence" of France's rulers.

He is that rarity among Russian Communists—a Western sophisticate who has somehow managed not only to survive but to prosper.

There are some curious aspects concerning his visit to Paris. Although an officer of the Legion of Honour, he was decorated by de Gaulle in 1945—he has been barred from France since 1950.

Clearly delighted to be back here, he has seen in addition to several literary figures and old friends a number of important politicians.

These include the grand old man of the French radical party M. Herriot.

## WARY RECEPTION

Oddly enough, his visits have received no publicity in the French Communist press. Recently Ehrenburg has been under attack in Moscow for his latest novel, significantly entitled *The Thaw*, which gives a grim picture of Soviet life. Communist critics here gave it a wary reception.

Although noted for his acid tongue, Ehrenburg has now learned to coo like an animated Picasso dove. France he loves and after France, Britain. But he is distressed "by your lack of calm."

"People like the English, who are pipemokers, should not behave as hysterically as some other nations we know. You should know that, whether Russia or the U.S.A. has the more hydrogen bombs, only two or three will be sufficient to dispose of you."

## A NUISANCE

PARIS'S energetic police chief, M. Andre Dubois, has decided to take action against a major Paris nuisance—the taxi drivers who discover an urgent need to go home when they don't like a particular destination. From now on taxi drivers who refuse a client can be suspended from driving.

## ARTIE'S HEADLINE



"Are you REALLY interested in sixth century B.C. Greek pottery—or are you just hoping to get a glimpse of Prince Charles?"



"IKE WILL GO ANYWHERE FOR PEACE..." said a headline. "So will I," said Grandma, grabbing her favourite newspaper and making for the little shed at the bottom of the garden which is her impregnable fortress at times of crisis.

London Express Service

## Another of the World's Strangest Stories

HE LOST HIS LOVE—BUT  
WON THE DERBYBy BILL  
McGOWRAN

EVERYONE who looks at pictures has surely seen Frith's "Derby Day," the colourful cavalcade of queer characters clad in mid-Victorian rags and finery assembled on Epsom Downs, all carefully turning their backs to the racecourse.

The next time you get a chance to look at it take careful note of the striking figure on the extreme right. He is a supercilious young blood, and according to popular legend, this is a portrait of Henry, Marquess of Hastings, the last Marquess of Hastings and the most gorgeous, reckless, "ragged" gambler the English racecourse has ever known.

He was a spoiled darling of fortune, heir to the proudest blood in the kingdom. In addition to the marquessate he inherited the baronies of Botreaux, Hastings, Hungerford and Grey de Ruthyn. His estates were Donington, Hull, in Leicestershire, and Loudon Castle in Ayrshire. He eloped with the reigning beauty of the day on the eve of her marriage to another man. He won fortunes on the turf but lost everything in the end.

★ ★ ★

He was left an orphan at the age of two and succeeded to the title at the age of nine on the death of his elder brother.

His career as an undergraduate at Oxford was brief, but long enough for him to meet an evil genius, the first of many in the person of Henry Fawcett, who sold him a racehorse called Kangaroo for £13,500, the highest price ever paid for a horse at that time. Kangaroo was a complete failure on the course and finished his days between the shafts of a hansom-cab.

Then Hastings really went in for racing. During his career as an owner he rarely had fewer than 50 horses in training. He showed surprisingly a shrewd streak as a backer of other people's horses and was soon boasting that he was making £30,000 a year out of betting.

He won £75,000 on Lecturer in the 1866 Cesarewitch and would have drawn more if he had kept sober the night before but he was unable to read all the scrawled entries in his betting book. On Ackworth's 1864 Cambridge he won £250,000.

So completely obsessed was Hastings in his twin passions of horses and betting that it is rather surprising to find that he also had time for the tender passion. Yet he figured in a runaway romance which had all England buzzing with gossip.

In the midsummer of 1864 London society was looking forward to a marriage that was to take place at St. George's, Hanover Square, between Henry, Marquess of Hastings, and Lady Florence Paget.

It seemed in every way an ideal match. Young Chaplin (he was only 23) was wealthy, handsome and well-bred. True, he had no title, but he had inherited large estates in Lincolnshire, including Blankney Hall, and, moreover, he was a close friend of the Prince of Wales. His bride-to-be, only daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey, was the reigning beauty of her day, so small and so lovely that she was called "The Pocket Venus."

A few days before the wedding Henry Chaplin left for the country to prepare his ancestral home for his bride. Lady Florence had her own preparations to make in London, and these seemed to have been completed when, one morning, she put on her wedding-dress so that her father might admire it. But she said she had still a few purchases to make. Going to her room to take off her bridal gown she scribbled a hurried note to Henry Chaplin and left the house, driving in her father's brougham to a famous West End store (according to Thormanby, the Victorian racing journalist, it was Swan and Edgar's).

The carriage waited outside in vain for Lady Florence did not come out again. She slipped out of the back entrance where Hastings was waiting for her in a hansom and they sped off to

Elizabeth was beaten at Newmarket in October. He pawned and sold almost everything he had of value. His hunters, hawks and hounds all went, he parted with the remainder of his estate at Castle Donington, but in vain. Disaster could no longer be stayed off. The Ring, which had cheered him at Ascot, hooted and hissed him on the next Derby Day, for he now owed the bookies £40,000, and that sin was beyond forgiveness.

Then, to add to his miseries, his health broke down. He spent the summer of 1868 cruising off Norway, but when he returned for the St. Leger he could only hobble on crutches. Nothing was spared him. When he went to Newmarket in October to see his mare Athene run he was obviously a dying man. The

And it was on the racecourse, three years later, that Chaplin gained his terrible and overwhelming revenge. He had a horse entered for the 1867 Derby. Its name was Hermit and it was well-fancied during the winter.

But Hastings, partly through pique and partly through his exuberant confidence in his own judgment, laid presciently against Hermit, until shortly before the Epsom meeting he stood to lose more than £100,000 if Chaplin's horse should win.

But Fate still seemed to be on the side of the runaway bridegroom, for a week before the race Hermit broke a blood vessel in his final gallop. His chance seemed hopeless and Chaplin wanted to scratch him, but his trainer, Captain Machell, persuaded him to hang on.

Even so, they thought so little of poor Hermit's chances, that they released Custance, his jockey, to take another mount.

Hermit's condition became worse and when Derby Day arrived he looked sick and dejected, a very sorry nag indeed. To make matters worse for him it began to snow just before the race and Hermit's price went out to 100 to 1. It was with the utmost difficulty that a jockey was found to ride him.

Then the impossible happened. Hermit won by a neck in a sensational race known to this day as "the Snowstorm Derby." Hastings found himself facing ruin. Henry Chaplin was indeed revenged.

But, whatever his failing, Hastings was a true-blue sportsman. He was the first to put Hermit's neck as the winner was led in. Says the ubiquitous Thormanby, "No one who saw him drive off the course in a barouche and four with a party of friends, to dine at Richmond, would have guessed from his demeanour that he was not a winner for he was the gayest of the company."

He met his enormous losses by selling his fine, Scottish estate of Loudoun for £200,000. On settling day at Fawcett's, he paid out £103,000. When he appeared at Ascot a few weeks later he was cheered to the echo, the Ring's tribute to a good loser and a prompt payer.

But soon his troubles began to fall thick and heavy. His luck had changed and Hermit seemed to have started the landslide. He lost £50,000 when his filly

Elizabeth was beaten at Newmarket in October. He pawned and sold almost everything he had of value. His hunters, hawks and hounds all went, he parted with the remainder of his estate at Castle Donington, but in vain. Disaster could no longer be stayed off. The Ring, which had cheered him at Ascot, hooted and hissed him on the next Derby Day, for he now owed the bookies £40,000, and that sin was beyond forgiveness.

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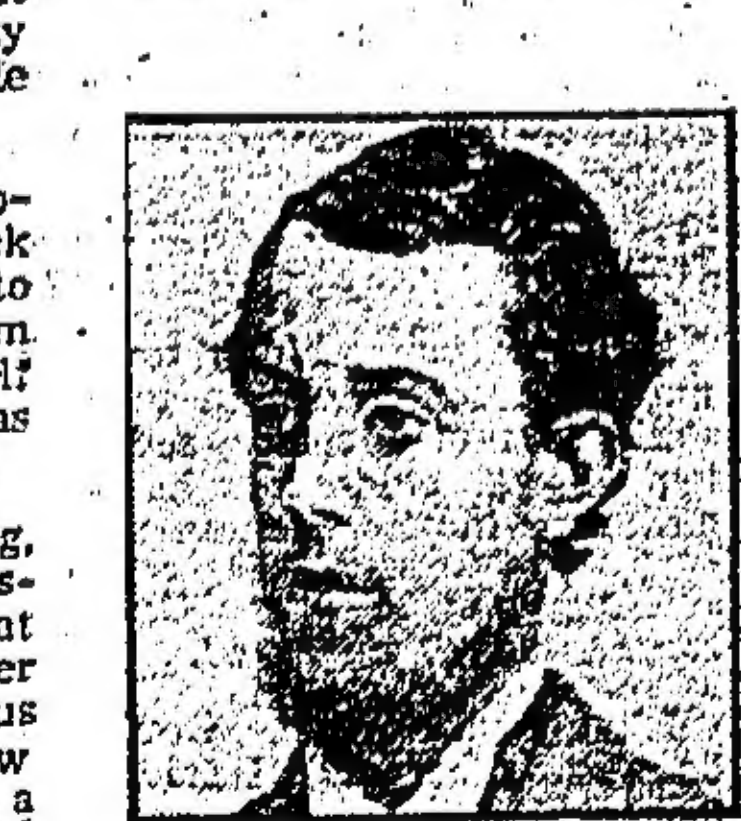
Disappointed Bridegroom

Henry Chaplin, he sought forgetfulness on the racecourse—and found revenge there.



Stolen Bride

Lady Florence Paget: they called her the Pocket Venus.



Wayward Marquess

Lord Hastings: he lost £100,000 on the Snowstorm Derby.

once-magnificent plunger could now afford only a £25 bet, and the bookmaker, who took it said roughly, "Now mind, I'm to be paid this time."

That was his last outing to the races. On November 11, 1868, he died... only 28 years old, broken and burned out.

His tragic widow swallowed her pride and again sought the friendship of Henry Chaplin. He was kind to her and helped her out of her financial difficulties, but she could never win him back as a lover.

Give him  
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NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME!

A self-winding,  
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acts as a stop-watch

Thousands of men would like a stop-watch on their wrists. But the average stop-watch is a highly complicated instrument that may not always stand up to hard wear, and may need expensive servicing. It cannot be permanently waterproof—because of its push-buttons; it cannot be self-winding, because its hundred extra parts preclude the addition of a self-winding mechanism.

Now, Rolex has produced and patented the Turn-O-Graph, a new development in watch-making. It has a genuine Rolex Oyster Case (without push-buttons) and is consequently absolutely waterproof. It is self-wound by the smooth, silent Perpetual "rotor" mechanism. It has almost all the advantages of a stop-watch—and none of the complications. And, in addition, the Turn-O-Graph gives you the hardness and accuracy of the world-famous Rolex Oyster Perpetual, yet it costs very little more.

## HOW IT WORKS

Round the dial of the Turn-O-Graph is a patented rotating bezel, calibrated from zero to sixty, with a clearly visible red

triangle at zero. By turning the bezel so that the triangle is aligned with the second, minute, or hour-hand, you can quickly read off periods of time elapsed.

Alternately, the red triangle on the bezel can be pre-set to show when an operation should start, or end, thus reminding you every one of the hundred times a day you look at your watch.

This simple, but remarkable, invention allows you to time anything—from the humble boiled egg to a trans-oceanic flight. There is no limit to the uses you will find for the Turn-O-Graph.

The Turn-O-Graph illustrated has an all-steel case with a jet-black dial. The sweep second-hand is equipped with a luminous tip. Also available with 18 karat gold bezel and 18 karat gold case. The Turn-O-Graph records the time you have consumed! white dial, and Officially Certified chronometer movement. Write for detailed, illustrated brochure on the Turn-O-Graph, or see it at your nearest Rolex Jeweller.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement



## A strangler among the stars... but no one listens to Louise!

LOUISE FRASER, a British starlet, sets off for the Film Festival at Cannes, on the French Riviera. At Marseilles a strange woman recommends an hotel in Cannes at which to stay: the Hotel Fantastico, kept by Madame Durand.

The woman gives Louise an envelope, which she asks her to keep till someone calls at the hotel and asks for "the package from Elsa."

That evening a man attacks Louise in her room of the hotel and demands the envelope. She screams, and the man escapes through a window.

Cannes. THIS morning a young detective from the Surete took me to police headquarters and I spent two hours going through the dossiers of every crook who had ever committed a crime on the Riviera.

But I could find no one who looked even remotely like the young man with the shaven head and the eye patch.

It is quite obvious that the police think I have invented him. If it were not for the bruise on my neck I might even think myself. If it were not for that—and the envelope.

Why, why did I not tell the police about the envelope? I meant to. Just before the detective arrived I took it out of my handbag and opened it. As the woman on the train had said, there was a key inside. And an address.

But what made me hesitate to tell the police was the note that went with it. My French is not very good, but even I could gather that the message had been written by a woman in fear of her life.

"Jules," it said, "by the time you read this note who knows what will have happened to me? I escaped them in Marseilles, but they know all about me now. They know about the key, and they know what is in the box. What they don't know is who has the key—and for her sake until she passes it to you pray God they don't find out."

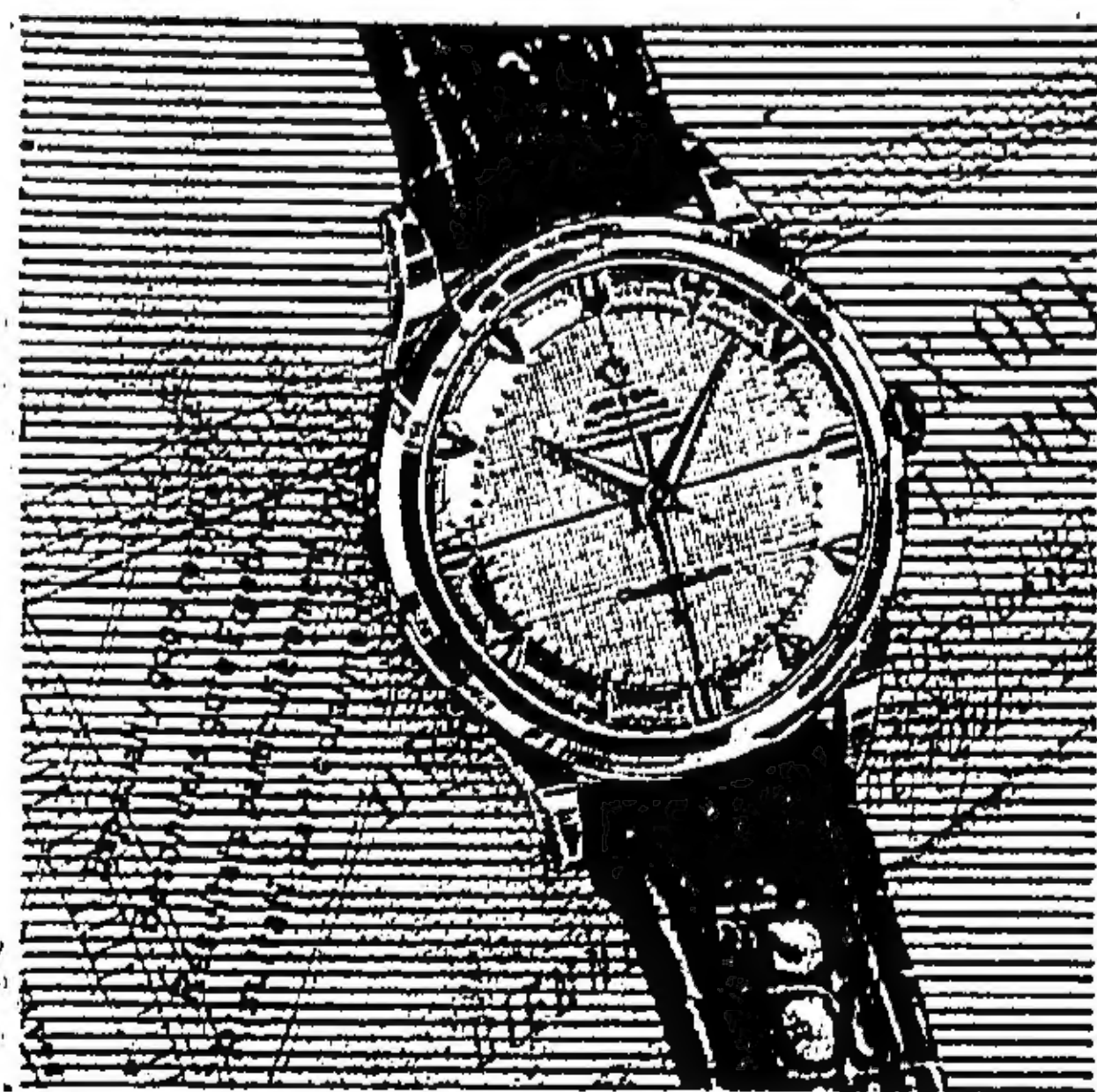
And then it added, in a scribbled postscript: "You will see that I have given this letter to a young English girl. She looks fresh and innocent. I am sure she is trustworthy."

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It has been specially made, specially adjusted, and has passed stringent government tests for accuracy. Every Swiss chronometer is sold with an Official Rating Certificate showing just how it performed in these government tests. Particularly good chronometers are awarded a distinctive notation: "especially good results" printed on this certificate.

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Ω OMEGA Constellation

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland.

OMEGA \* Tissot

## TICKET TO TROUBLE!

By LEONARD MOSLEY

"Even if terrible things happen to me, please see that I am protected. I should not like to be harmed because of us. Look out for the police—until we can explain. My love to you, cheri. Elsa."

It was that last addition which instinctively made me keep silent when the police questioned me.

I could not forget the look in her eyes as she handed me the envelope—as if I were her last hope in a moment of desperation. Somehow I felt I could not betray her.

A young English girl says that she has been attacked by a stranger with a shaven head—a few hours after arriving for the Film Festival and for no apparent reason.

Can you blame the police for thinking that maybe I am a suspect in search of a little publicity? After I left police headquarters I went immediately to the great Festival Cinema on the sea-front to let the authorities there know I had arrived. I do not know whether you know how these film festivals

work. The film industry of each country not only enters its quota of new productions for the competition but also sends over what stars are available from their studios to give a touch of glamour to the gala premieres and the big parties.

As I signed in at the Festival office Esther Williams walked out of the director's bureau and posed smiling radiantly, while the photographers went to work.

"Where are you staying, Miss Williams?" they asked her.

"The third diving board on the right as you go out of the harbour," she replied. "Swim out and see me any time!"

Meanwhile out in the street Gina Lollobrigida was posing in the back seat of a new motor car which the manufacturers have presented to her.

Betsy Blair flew in from Hollywood, was fighting her way out of a horde of autograph hunters. Miss Blair is one of the hit girls of the Festival, for they have just shown her in one of the American entries: "Marty," which got a tumultuous reception and now she is mobbed wherever she goes.

What about our English stars?

Well, they tell me that Susan Stephens and Yvonne Furneaux are on their way here. Diana Dors was going to make a personal appearance with the Carol Reed film "A Kid for Two Farthings," but has had to cancel her visit owing to a call for work at home. Eva Bartok is also on her way here.

But nothing that Britain is sending here can compete with Hollywood's invasion with Doris Day, Van Johnson, Esther Williams (all of whom are already here), and Grace Kelly and Ava Gardner, who are on their way.

No wonder the Festival people were glad to see me—and immediately piled me with invitations. The director took me from his office and introduced me to the photographers, and I too, for the first time in my life, went through that ready and exciting experience of posing for a battery of camera-men.

THIS afternoon I changed into my sunsuit and went down to the harbour, and there joined the stars and the delegates aboard a sleek white yacht—and off we went, across the lovely blue bay, to one of the islands for a ceremonial lunch given by the Mayor of Cannes.

Have you ever drunk pastis in the hot sun? It is a local form of anisette. I took a gulp of it and choked.

A hand touched my shoulder and a familiar voice said: "If I were you, my dear, I would go carefully with that particular potion. It is made for fishermen with strong heads."

It was Peter Ustinov. He introduced me to his wife Suzanne Cloutier (remember her in "Doctor in the House") and we strolled up the road from the sea together and sat down with Graham Greene and Peter Glenville and Dorothy Ward's talented director-son to eat great plateaus of fish soup and listen to long and impassioned speeches in French.

It was early evening when the boat took us back to the harbour.

The Ustinovs offered me a lift in their splendid car back to my hotel—but I said I would rather walk. I strolled comfortably and dreamily down the promenade.

I WAS watching the smartly dressed throngs of men and women walking when suddenly I saw someone come across the road towards me. He was one of those Algerian carpet sellers, dressed in Arab clothes that you see frequently in the south coast resorts of France.

He came purposefully towards me, his mouth open in a large smile so that I could see the two large gold teeth he wore glittering in the evening sun.

"You want to buy Oriental carpet, lady?" he asked.

I laughed. "What would I do with a carpet?" I said. He looked at me in sudden seriousness and his eyes were watchful.



HOW COULD I BETRAY A STRANGER IN LOVE?  
Drawing by ROBB

"You could use it to hide envelopes underneath, lady," he said. "You got an envelope you do not want?"

I was suddenly afraid again—and I looked round for a way to escape from the man. But he put out his brown hand and patted me. "Don't be afraid, lady. I am not enemy. I am a friend of Elsa. I have a message for you."

He gestured across the road towards the casino. "Do you have a ticket for that place—where rich people gamble?"

"No," I said. "I have never been in a casino in my life." He grinned again. "You are a wise girl. It is a sure place to lose money. But tonight you will go there and you will not lose money. You may make much money, indeed. You will take your passport and you will buy yourself a ticket for entrance to the casino, and you are going to the gambling room at midnight."

"At the roulette table over by the bar where the gamblers bid for heavy stakes, you will see a young man. You will make yourself known to him."

I SAID: "How will I know which young man to look for?"

"What is the date of your birthday, lady?" he asked.

"March 5," I said.

"All right. You go to that table, you look for a young man who is playing roulette, and backing nothing but No. 3, which is—March, and No. 5, which is your day. That will be Jules. You will be there?"

I hesitated and I saw anxiety come into his brown eyes. "Please, lady, you will do this thing, otherwise someone may be killed."

He watched me trustfully and saw me trying to make up my mind, and then he flashed his gold teeth again: "Fine lady, I know now you will come to the casino at midnight."

He slung the carpets over his shoulders and went off down the promenade and as he went he said: "Of course, lady, you will remember to bring the envelope too. It is no good to the police or to your film-star friend."

"But to Jules and Elsa, well, perhaps, it means life or death itself."

NEXT SATURDAY:  
Death at a casino

## HOW NOT TO BE A WIDOW...

Marry a man who is five years younger than yourself

by CHAPMAN  
PINCHER

HERE is a simple recipe for every woman who wants to become a wife and avoid being a widow—marry a man five years younger than herself.

Women are now living five years longer than men, on average, according to figures just published by the British Health Ministry.

At birth a girl can reasonably expect to live until she is past 72. The average boy has only 67 years ahead of him.

So unless women are prepared to marry younger men, and men are willing to put up with older wives, the problem of thousands of little old ladies living on their own is bound to intensify.

Men would soon realise that such a switch in social custom has compensations. The youth of 22 could look forward to choosing a bride of 27 who would not only be mentally mature, but would have had time to save enough to help start a home.

Such an arrangement would be much fairer than the present set-up, for it is partly at the expense of men that women have built up their lead in life-span.

It seems that it is largely because of the bustle and strain of working to keep their families in modern comfort that so many men die prematurely—from heart attacks and other "stress" complaints.

Before 1930 the expectation of life at birth was almost the same for both sexes—about 40 years.

### A survey

Furthermore, it is mainly due to medical advances, made almost exclusively by men, that women owe their exceptional longevity.

Marrying younger men would mean that women would have their children later, but here again medical opinion favours the change.

A survey carried out by Professor Thomas McKewen and Dr. Charles Lowe at Birmingham University has shown that a first baby, born to a mother past 30, has a much better chance of escaping whooping-cough, measles, enteritis, and pneumonia than a child whose mother is in her twenties.

There will be loud objections to my scheme from girls who are scared to wait until they are 27 before anchoring a man. But until the scientists can extend the masculine life-span it is the only way to ensure that Joan has her boy's company until the end of her time.

The official figures prove that if women insist on early marriage

### YOUR LIFE EXPECTANCY

IF YOU REACH:—	The extra years you may expect to live	
	MEN	WOMEN
20	50	55
30	41	45
40	31	36
50	22½	27
60	15	19
70	9	11½
75	7	8½
80	5	6

These figures are based on the findings of Mr B. Benjamin, chief statistician at the London General Register Office, which are published in the Health Ministry's confidential bulletin to doctors.

age they must expect some years of loneliness later on.



Forget it, Dr Salk!

DO not despair, Dr Jonas Salk. Your place in medicine as the first man to develop an effective vaccine against poliomyelitis is assured—whatever your detractors may be saying now.

Because one manufacturer's batch of your vaccine has proved to be defective, loud-voiced critics are condemning the whole of your selfless work. They are accusing you of being responsible for the accidental infection of the 35 children who went down with polio after getting the faulty vaccine.

You are in good company, Dr Salk. Such ingratitude has been the early reward of almost every medical pioneer.

Remember Edward Jenner, the English country doctor who invented the process of vaccination in 1786? When incompetent doctors misused his methods with disastrous results to their patients, it was Jenner who got the blame.

Before his time smallpox killed 40,000 people in Britain every year.

Then Jenner discovered why English milkmaids had such perfect complexions, while so many great ladies had faces scarred by pox-marks. The cow-pox which milkmaids contracted on their hands protected them from the ravages of the far more virulent smallpox.

### Denounced

Yet when Jenner began to protect people by vaccinating them with cow-pox germs he was denounced as a beast himself. Some people argued that smallpox was Heaven-ordained and that to prevent it was sacrilege.

Jenner withstood such abuse and eventually triumphed.

Inhuman treatment was meted out to William Morton, a U.S. dentist, who fathered the use of anaesthetics. Before his time patients had to brave the horrors of amputations and internal surgery unrelieved from pain.

Then in 1846 Morton, who had used ether for painless tooth extractions, persuaded a surgeon to try it in a major operation. It worked.

Again far more prominence was given to ether's failures than to its successes. Hide-bound doctors refused to use it because Morton was "not medically qualified."

By the time anaesthesia had been adopted a whispering campaign that Morton had stolen his idea had stamped him as a fraud. He died persecuted and penniless.

Dr James Simpson, a Scot who developed Morton's discovery by using chloroform to relieve the pain of childbirth, met equally violent opposition.

### May be tough

Clergymen attacked him on religious grounds arguing that the use of chloroform was contrary to Bible's ruling that women should bring forth their children in suffering.

Simpson, a pious man, countered this by pointing out that when God made Eve out of Adam's rib he caused a deep sleep to fall over Adam, thereby carrying out the first operation under anaesthesia.

But it was the mothers themselves, including Queen Victoria, who finally helped Simpson to win his battle.

The mothers will help you too, Dr Salk, to win yours for there is no disease which mothers fear more for their children than polio.

You can be assured of their support and gratitude when the teething troubles of your vaccine are over.

The going may be tough for a long time yet, but you can take heart that in your present discouragement you are sharing the experience of medicine's immortals.

Russell Spurr

## HE SCANDALISED THE SAHIBS



MALCOLM MACDONALD

of civil servants and servicemen.

There are at least six information officers, who seldom produce a hand-out.

The wired-in headquarters is theoretically the co-ordinating centre for British policy in Southeast Asia. Ambassadors are supposed to report there to the Commissioner-General, who

then forwards their reports to London.

In practice this seldom happens. Particularly since Malcolm MacDonald disastrously persuaded the Socialist government to support playboy Emperor Bao Dai in Indo-China.

Ever since Geneva the Commissioner-General's advice has been less and less heeded.

But it is not for his unfortunate ventures into foreign affairs that Malcolm MacDonald will be judged in Asia. He will be affectionately remembered by many Asians as the first senior British official who proved to be human.

Certainly the first to let his hair down—regularly—in public.

Many Britons have gained a deep affection for the East and Eastern peoples. Few have been able to show it so effectively.

At a time when a "reverse colour bar" is rising hatred against the white man throughout Asia, Malcolm MacDonald appeared with a hand-shake, a joke and a smile.

The short grey-haired man in shirt sleeves dared to go

dancing with Chinese friends in the smarter cabarets.

The sahibs were scandalised. Some evenings he would drop in at the university and sit talking politics with the students until dawn.

In Borneo, the place he most loved to visit, the Queen's senior representative in Southeast Asia canned in his kilt for an American photographer. And posed like any tourist with scantly-dressed Dyak women.

In Siam he stood on his head to amuse the King's young daughter.

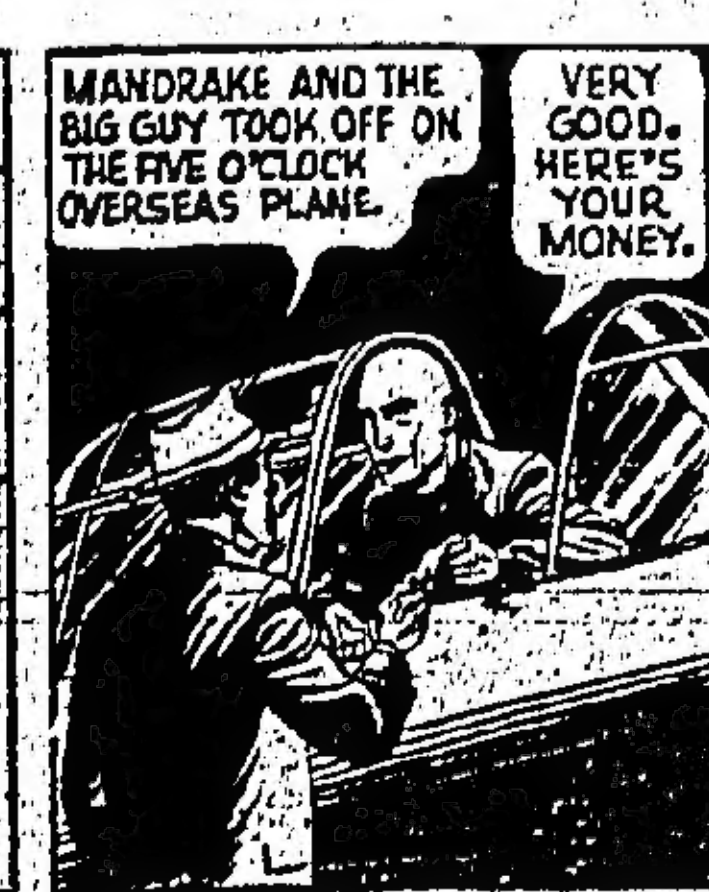
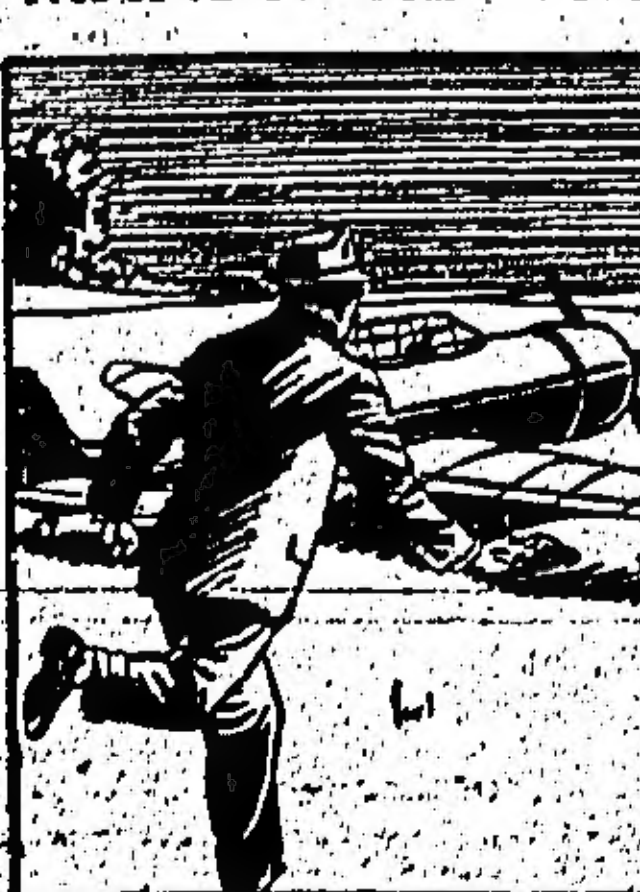
In Cambodia he took a turn on the young King's saxophone.

Opening a cinema in Singapore recently, the Commissioner-General obligingly kissed a pretty Chinese actress.

Sneered one Colonial official: "You'd think he was a politician campaigning for votes."

Malcolm MacDonald heard him. "Not votes," he said, "friendship. For Britain."

### MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

TALK ABOUT MAGIC!

Have you seen

Admiral  
AIR CONDITIONERS  
AND REFRIGERATORS





DOROTHY DANDRIDGE  
"All women have a bit of Carmen."

## Trigger-men, dogs, planes guard gem empire

(CHINA MAIL SPECIAL REPORTER)

Johannesburg. SAVAGE Alsatian dogs strain at their long leashes, snuffing over the heat-hazed sands. Two armed white men in ten-gallon hats hold them in, hard-bitten, tough-looking men.

They are men of the guard which patrols a hundred miles of fence which for security would make the Iron Curtain seem as easy of passage as a London park railing—South Africa's Diamond Curtain.

On its impregnable rests the fate of the \$85,000,000 empire of Diamond King Sir Ernest Oppenheimer.

For it encloses a 60-mile by 15-mile strip of the coastal Nambib desert, at the mouth of the Orange River, 500 miles north of Cape Town, in which millions of stones of every one of the 32 hues lie in the surface sand ready for the picking.

You scruff them up from the top-soil as you walk. They were coughed up from the great volcanic diamond "pipe" when the earth's crust was first cooling. They lie there in their millions—diamonds which cannot be sold for fear of sending the world's diamond market in a headlong tumble.

### Searchlights

Sir Ernest Oppenheimer's \$20,000,000 reserve fund against bad markets would not be sufficient to save him. So his sandy bank of gems must be guarded and the withdrawals restricted.

Day and night the fence and all its enclosed land are patrolled—men and dogs, armed Jeep crews, with searchlights for their night watch, light aircraft.

In the forbidden territory a strange face is immediately reported by well-paid local farmers and tribesmen. Cars, radios, and refrigerators taken into the area stay there for ever. It would be too difficult to X-ray them on the way out, so they cannot leave.

These priceless treasure-bearing sands were discovered in 1927. Since then there has been a steady trickle of adventures brought in by the truckload killing themselves trying to get into the desert El Dorado.

They have died in the depths of the Premier diamond treacherous off-shore currents mine, outside Pretoria.

of Wreck Point. They have been trapped on underwater defenses laid in the Orange River.

They have died of thirst as they trekked away from airplane wrecks in the land which Bushmen call "Where There are Bones."

I spoke to a pilot who once flew for a smuggling group with big money behind them. There was a wartime British major and some ex-cloak-and-dagger-men and they planned to drain off some of King Diamond's profits.

This pilot made three runs, dropping a passenger who had to meet the inside man.

He still has a big diamond, but he is too scared to try to sell it. The penalty in South Africa for having an uncut diamond is seven years in gaol.

And the recent mission in South Africa of ex-M.I.5 chief Sir Percy Silbire has not helped to calm the nerves of the I.D.B.—Illust Diamond Buying—raconteurs.

### Top Secret

Diamond business is top secret in the Union.

There is a reserve of stones—reckoned at not less than \$30,000,000 worth.

Where? Possibly in the De Beers vaults at Kimberley, South Africa's diamond capital, where man-killing dogs and rifle-toting watchmen are brought in by the truckload every night.

Or perhaps buried in the depths of the Premier diamond treacherous off-shore currents mine, outside Pretoria.

one of her country's most brilliant women, was intended as a special compliment to Great Britain by the Costa Rican President, Señor José Figueres. "A queen for a queen," said the President proudly as she paid her farewell visit to him in the Presidential Palace.

Though the Senora laughs shyly about his words now, they expressed what her mission was to be.

### LIKE A QUEEN

She was to grace her appointment like a queen. Certainly she will be a very gay queen whether her English improves or not. Her laugh breaks into every sentence. She will throw her head back, her brown eyes bright, and laugh gloriously at anything that amuses her.

Her voice is clear and rapid, her glance vivid and her movements quick and graceful. She has the slender arms and legs and the unassailable look of charm and pride that one finds only among Spaniards.

Something really rather new in Ministers to the Court of St James, in fact.

She is, however, a great deal more than merely gay and good to look at.

Her Excellency has a career that would be remarkable in any country.

Seven years ago her husband, an engineer, died of a heart attack. She does not mind, she

earned her bread and butter in the night club entertaining business and she made appearances at London's exclusive Cafe de Paris. And not only had cafe society had the opportunity to judge her worth. Perceptive film-goers might have noticed her in minor roles in productions like the "Tarzan" films.

### ON THE MAP

It took Oscar Hammerstein's brassy interpretation of "Carmen" to put Dorothy on the map. Her career until then was just outside the limelight.

But that was not for want of trying, for from her infant days Dorothy has been closely linked with show business.

Her father—April Dandridge—was a minister of religion in Cleveland, Ohio. But her mother had other ambitions for her daughters, Dorothy and Vivian, than

the backwater security of a parsonage.

Inspired by the success of Shirley Temple, Ruby Dandridge took her infant daughters to Hollywood where in hair ribbons and frilly dresses they managed to cash in on the fringe of the child-star boom.

But after a while Ruby Dandridge herself entered show business and made a hit. She reached her popularity peak in America's topline radio production "The Beulah Show", and she still makes frequent telefilm appearances.

In the meantime Dorothy had started to study acting. But she still had to eat, and to make ends meet took what small parts she could in films and plays and supplemented these by becoming a vocalist with a dance band at a Hollywood night club.

She became a success as a night club star almost

overnight—and was persuaded to forgo temporarily her burning ambition to act.

She hit the headlines again when in 1951, after a period of voice training she opened at the Club Gala in Hollywood. Then came engagements in New York, San Francisco, Las Vegas and London. In 1953 she became the toast of cafe society in Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo.

### AT HOME

Like her mother, she has scored many successes on T.V. in America and has many times graced the covers of such periodicals as Life and Look.

At home, in her two-storey apartment commanding a panoramic view of Los Angeles, Dorothy has little time for hobbies—but she does admit to liking trying out intricate French recipes in the kitchen.

And at home, away from the limelight, she favours completely casual clothes. Put aside, then, are the Dandridge fashions in night club attire that have helped make her famous.

Off screen away from T.V. cameras and the footlights, friends find her serious intense, hard-working. And when she has time she studies psychology—and drama!

Her plans? Nothing immediate, she says.

From Logan Gourlay, at the Cannes Festival

AND now at the end of the festival comes Dorothy Dandridge, as combustible as Miss Grace Kelly is cold. Her film, "Carmen Jones", is not a festival entry, and cannot be publicly shown in France because of copyright laws. But it was given a special performance on the final night.

Miss Dandridge tells me what Carmen has done for her.

"It's made me realise that there's a bit of the restless man-eating Carmen in every woman."

She won't say exactly how much there is in her own make-up.

"It also brought me my first worthwhile long-term film contract. I'm going to make one film a year for 20th Century-Fox. And it's sent up my salary as a night club entertainer. In some places I get as much as \$12,000 a week."

She evades talking about any discrimination against coloured entertainers like herself and moves on to the champagne ball which ends the festival.

I am pleased to see she becomes the queen of the ball. The other stars are not.

## THE SENORA is a career woman

But Her Excellency knows how to run a home, too  
by ANNE SHARPLEY

London. INTO the world's most remorseless diplomatic round steps a graceful young widow with the quick, listening air of a deer, the chic of a Parisienne, the honour of being the first woman Minister to the Court of St James—and no English. She is Senora Virginia Freyria de Gallegos, newly arrived Envoy Extraordinary for Costa Rica, the Central American republic that was in the news this January when there was "border trouble" with next door Nicaragua.

The appointment of this dark-haired, bright-eyed diplomat,

will assure you, discussing her husband's death, but she plainly is not enjoying it.

There were two small boys to be looked after, Alfredo and Jorge.

"I wanted to do something active to take my mind off things," she explains. "I had always been interested in diplomacy and decided this should be my career."

She became first secretary to the Costa Rican Legation in the nearby country of El Salvador, and so quickly distinguished herself that she was given a senior post in the Department of Foreign Affairs in the Costa Rican capital, San Jose.

Then came Costa Rica's "little war" in January this year. It lasted only ten days, and it is perhaps easy for us to dismiss as "picturesque" a war that was settled by the overwhelming advantage of four Mustang fighters sold to them for a nominal dollar apiece through the Organisation of American States.

But the Senora played a vital part in the "little war." She went to the front with the investigating commission of the Organisation of American States.

"They were not convinced that it was in fact an invasion and not just a rebellion," explains the Senora. "I had to stay there with them until they were convinced."

The proof of the Senora's persistence and probably of her charm too, is that Costa Rica got those four airplanes from the OAS and the "little war" was won.

Then came the "wonderful" news of her appointment to London, a post that has been vacant since 1952.

"In a way that will endear her to the organisers of Western Defence, the Senora does not think of us as London—we are 'Europe'."

"I have never been to Europe before," she says excitedly, "and I really am most impressed."

"Everyone I have met in London lives up to their international reputation for courtesy and good manners."

**DIPLOMATIC COUP**  
She even manages the major diplomatic coup of preferring London to Paris which she passed through on her way here.

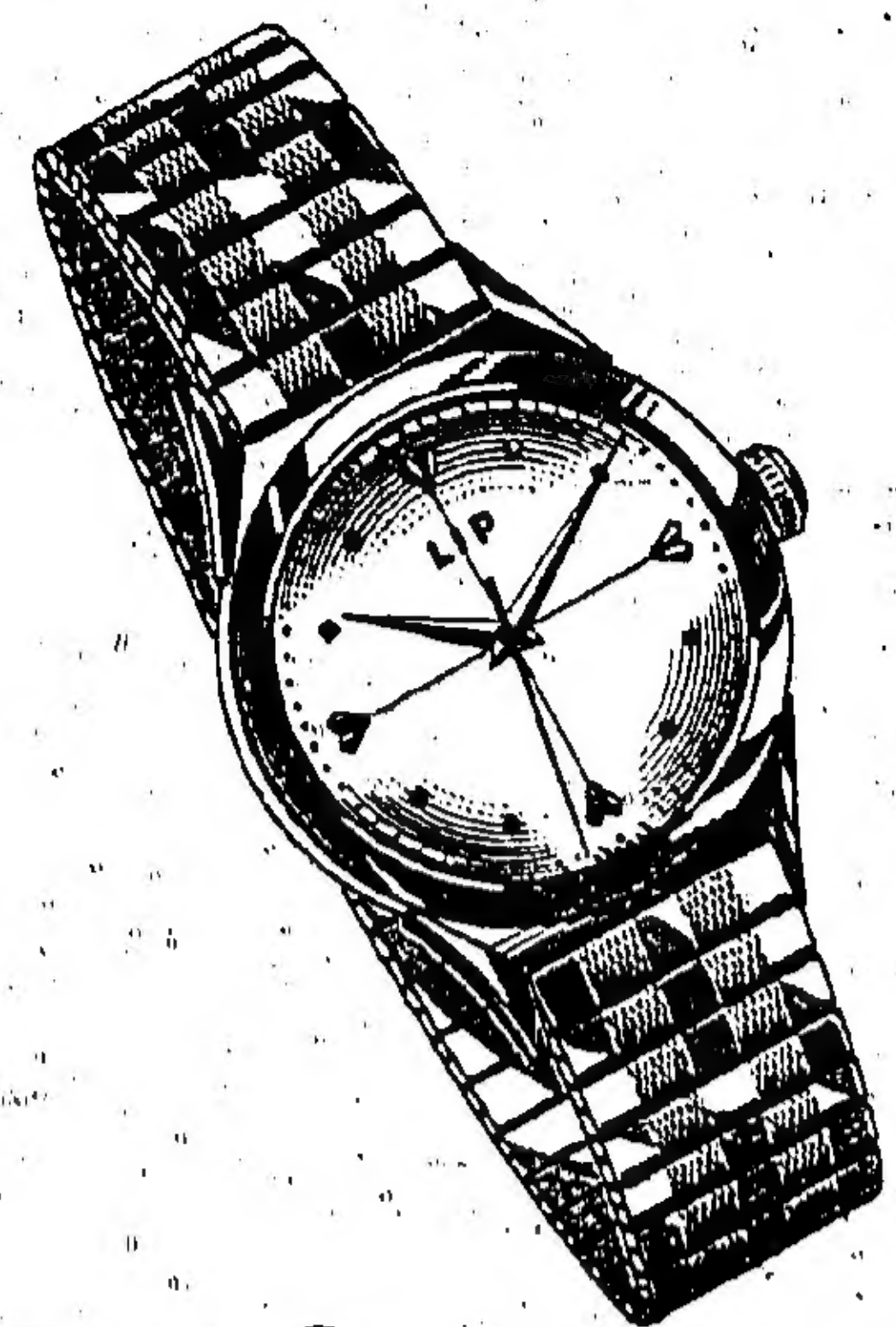
Her life here, apart from the practically daily diplomatic cocktail party or reception (and certainly she is going to be the most in demand) will be very simple, she tells me.

"I am looking for a flat with not more than two or three bedrooms in which to establish my Legation," she says. "For the



DOUBLE first—Senora de Gallegos, first woman Minister to London; and the tulips she had never seen before.

# LIP

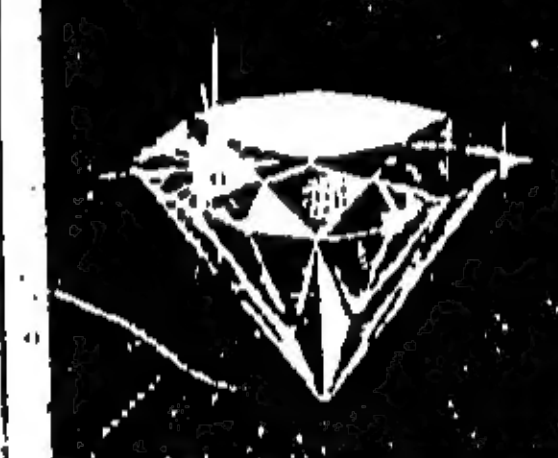


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## DID IT HAPPEN?

MY wife, tied to a moving sports reporter, has to stand plenty, and does it with great patience. But even she put her foot down when, late one night in May 1953, two foreign-looking characters called at our semi-detached down Twickenham way and suggested that I do a little well-paid overtime behind the Iron Curtain.

They were Poles—sixtyish, sad-eyed, earnest, and a long way from home. But, to listen to my better half after they had departed, you would have thought they were a couple of hell-hounds unleashed by the Ogpa.

## INTRIGUING

Not that my wife saw them, mark you. She was asleep when they arrived, but, intrigued by the eldritch accents talking nineteen to the dozen in our dining-room, she parked her usually immaculate manners, and set up a listening post half-way down the stairs.

"You're no Oppenheim," she said, when the visitors had gone. "Don't you dare have anything to do with them. Do you want me to be left a Warsaw widow? Keep out of it for heaven's sake, or you will finish up in Poland for keeps."

As things turned out, she could well have been right. She usually is.

The office had assigned me to cover the European boxing championships in Warsaw, and the job had a lively appeal, not only to my professional instincts but to my curiosity. Inquisitiveness about Iron Curtain goings-on had possessed me ever since a Russian cop had been through my pockets in East Berlin the year before. However, that is another story.

## THEIR CARDS

So here I was, all packed for Poland and ready to write red-hot (well, fairly warm) ring-side accounts of an England team comprised of Bruce Wells, Ron Barker, Denis Hinson and Henry Cooper. Wells, you may remember, won the light-middleweight championship out there in Warsaw's Gwardia Stadium. The other three are now doing rather better than all right as professionals—especially cruiser-weight Barker.

However, to get back to my Poles. That day, the Evening Standard had printed a story about my forth-coming depar-



by George Whiting

## Exclusive Ringside Report from Warsaw

Londoner George Whiting, sports columnist of the Evening Standard, has been writing about sport with a special emphasis on boxing for more than 30 years. He is a U.S.A. Canadian, Russian, French, German, Norwegian, Danish, Dutch, Belgian, and Swiss. Aged 50.

ture, and it was with a copy of the Final Night Extra edition that my visitors introduced themselves before handing me their cards—which I still have. For the purposes of this report, we'll call them Mr. S. and Mr. V.

## NO DRINKS

I invited them in, offered drinks, which they declined, and asked what I could do for them.

"We represent the real Poland," said the one with a white mustache. "And one of our jobs is to broadcast news and features to our people back home. From Europe."

"Now about these boxing championships. The official Polish radio in Warsaw, are only going to broadcast results and commentaries once a night, after the fights are over. What we want is to give several commentaries a day on the contests, especially those in which Polish boxers are concerned. In short, we aim to get what I think you call a 'beat'."

"By broadcasting such commentaries in our own language on each of the five days of the championships we think we can gain the ears of thousands of Poles who would not care to be caught tuning in to our ordinary bulletin, but would almost certainly take a chance and listen to sport."

"Do you mean you propose to set up a kind of Free Poland microphone right in the middle of Warsaw? And with me talking into it?" I asked.

"Nothing so dramatic, or so

foolish," replied Mr. S. with a reassuring smile. "The championships are being boxed at the Gwardia Stadium, where you will find a row of telephone booths, especially built for foreign correspondents."

"At fixed times each day you would be rung up, in English from London, and the caller would give you a simple and quite innocent code word, changed each day. On hearing that word, you would dictate your description of what had been happening in the ring. No politics, no funny business. Just a straight boxing report."

● Again you are asked... Fact or Fiction? The answer will be given on Monday when another story by a famous person will set you wondering, Did It Happen?

which we would translate, and broadcast back to Poland.

"And for which, I may say, you would be paid any fee you suggest, with in reason."

At this point the hitherto silent Mr. V. put in a word: "You will not find us arguing about a few pounds—or even guineas," he joked.

Evidently the treasurer of the outfit.

"Supposing I spill the beans about all this to the Polish Embassy in London?" I asked.

"You could, of course, do that—and I have no doubt they would be grateful," said Mr. S.

"But I think you would find that, whatever else happened, you might have a little trouble getting any further than War-

saw Airport Visa difficulties you know."

So I skipped the point, and raised another.

"Why take a risk with me when I could accept your proposition and then inform the authorities when I get to Warsaw?" I asked.

Mr. S. permitted himself a deprecating cough.

"That would hardly be a businesslike thing to do, would it? And I do assure you that, in those circumstances, the risk would not be attached to ourselves, safely here in London."

I saw that point, too. I also heard a creak outside the dining-room door. My wife was evidently finding her staircase vigil uncomfortable in more ways than one.

I pondered on Mr. S.'s remark, but probed a little further before showing my visitors the door.

"Why pick on me?" I asked again.

"Because there will be only two British newspapermen at the championships, and the other one is already in Warsaw," he replied.

"I see. But suppose I accept—and then find myself in trouble over there?" I asked.

"There is not the slightest possibility of trouble, as you call it," said Mr. S. "However, you need not be entirely without assistance—this with a sideways glance at the silent Mr. V. on our settee. "If you are in need of money while you are in Warsaw—or, er, help of any kind, you have only to make your presence known to our, ah, representative over there."

"And how do I find your representative?" I asked.

ANOTHER SMILE

At that sucker-like question Mr. S. smiled again.

"You will not find him. He will find you. All you need do is require assistance is to wear finger-stalls on the third and fourth fingers of your left hand as you sit at the ring-side, or when you enter or leave

your hotel. You will then be contacted by a man wearing similar finger-stalls on his right hand. You are staying at the Polonia Hotel, I believe."

A bit of a shaker, that one. At that stage, I had told nobody. I had booked in at the Polonia. However, you cared? This under-cover stuff about finger-stalls had put the lid on it. The deal was out, off, scrubbed. I wanted no part of it.

Nevertheless, and in face of Mr. S.'s further gliding of the proposition, I hedged a little.

"Go and see my boss," I told him. "If he gives his permission, then I'll take the job. Otherwise, my contract says no free-lance work."

With that I got rid of them—and immediately telephoned my sports editor at his home, laying bare all details and urging him to put up the shutters to Messrs. S and V. The urging, I should mention, was hardly necessary.

One night later I was in Copenhagen, two nights later in Warsaw, and three nights later in the Pink Elephant, which is a cosy club-cum-pub established in, for, by and on behalf of Her Majesty's Embassy in Poland. A nostalgic note, where diplomats and their staff dream of home, where the beer is British, where the Polish slot goes further to the pound than on the rate allowed to itinerant boxing reporters and suchlike, and where the grey, grim ruins of Warsaw can be temporarily shut off from view.

A PARTY

The Pink Elephant was my rendezvous between lavish rustic-like exploits of Bruce Wells at the Gwardia Stadium. It wasn't snooker and a tuppence or two at the P. E., then it was lunch at the Embassy country club on the yellow banks of the Vistula, or cocktails with the beautiful Americans on the other side of the street. Work, too, went pretty well.

The night before we left for home, the Polish boxing authorities threw us a farewell party in a huge roof-top restaurant overlooking the Al Jeronimowski—boxers, referees, judges, journalists, British, Poles, Russians—the lot. All very cordial, too—despite the clapping some of the Iron Curtain boys spilled about dissipated democracies, etc.

Those were, roughly, the days when Miss Kitt had to borrow \$200 from a friend of a friend of mine for her boat fare back to New York on a family visit. A man who believed in her voice—or, voices (she has at least four of them)—took her

for test to a leading British gramophone company.

She sang "Love For Sale" and a nonsense piece called "A Cherry, a Chicken and a Baby's Cry." The recording people said it was nice of Miss Kitt to come along, and no doubt she'd be hearing from them. She didn't hear a thing. The test was a flop. How were Executive X and Adviser Y to know that the style they found so odd and mad and unwholesome would soon be bludgeoning the cognoscenti of two continents?

In 1951 Miss Kitt was singing 12 minutes a night at the Churchills Club, New Bond Street, for Bruce Brace, who said no, she couldn't have £30 a week; £25 was quite enough, and they'd see how she got along. Over to Bruce Brace: "She was with me for a month. Fantastically good

some nights. Disobediently bad others. Couldn't care less. Would turn round, throw and mutter at the band. My star at that time was Josh White. I was paying Josh £300 a week. Josh said to me, 'That girl's good. She'll go far. But I couldn't see it.'"

"She wanted me to be her manager, run her career. I could have signed her up for 25 per cent commission, anything. But being an agent wasn't my line of country. My job was running night clubs."

When Bruce next met Miss Kitt in New York, she owned a vast Cadillac and was getting £1,400 a week. (She has since moved on to £2,000.) Twenty-five per cent on £1,400 a week is a luscious thought. Or would have been. "We laughed a lot," says Brace, "about the chance I missed."

Francis Martin

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel by you until Monday... when the answer will be given... with another story in the series by

DAL STEVENS

Did yesterday's story—Twice Shy, by Jerrard Tickell—actually happen? The answer: No.

THEY LET MISS KITT GO

London.

If you see men within a 10-mile radius of Charing Cross knouting themselves until they are red in the face, the likelihood is they are British recording executives who four years ago saw Eartha Kitt walk into the West End, did not see the point, let her walk out again and cannot forgive themselves for what they missed.

Those were, roughly, the days when Miss Kitt had to borrow \$200 from a friend of a friend of mine for her boat fare back to New York on a family visit. A man who believed in her voice—or, voices (she has at least four of them)—took her

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JOHNNY HAZARD

WHAT A HUNCH... WHAT A STORY! GEN. GEPALLEN THE MISSING NAZI WAR CRIMINAL... ALIVE! COME ON, SNAP... LET'S GET SOME ACTION AROUND HERE!

CAN'T USE FLASH... BUT MIGHT HAVE JUST ENOUGH LIGHT TO CHANCE A NIP OPEN AT \$15...

...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

## ARE THESE TESTS A DANGER TO YOUR CHILD?



By PERCY HOWARD

ARE intelligence tests dangerous? Can your child's future be permanently warped by 30 brief minutes in the hands of an expert?

News from Australia this past week has brought fresh urgency to these questions.

Recall the details—

Sally, a nine-year-old Sydney girl, was tested by an expert from the New South Wales Education Department. His report on Sally's mentality was definite: "The child is mentally backward."

Angry, Sally's mother and father disagreed. Typical, fond parents, of course.

Yet we now know that the parents were right and the expert wrong. By chance a piece of paper was found in Sally's handwriting. It was her own report on the intelligence test. His bad manners and casual methods were analysed by the child with acid detail. And Sally, with all the weight of nine years, concluded: "He did not have any conversation. ... Not an interested or talkable type."

Not an interested or talkable type.

LAUGH? NO

To the officials who were shown Sally's report, who later talked with her, one thing became obvious. So far from being mentally backward, she was almost frighteningly advanced.

This episode has naturally caused much fun in Australia. Everyone has had a good laugh at the officials.

But it does not make me laugh at all. It makes me wonder about the other children—the children not only in Australia but elsewhere, too, who have been graded "Mentally Backward," with a low I.Q. for life.

A few of these children may have been just as bright as little Sally. Some others may have been nothing worse than average. But, unlike Sally, they happened not to take the step of writing their own private report. They got no publicity. Their parents made no special fuss. So they have gone through school life with the brand of "Mentally Backward."

It is not merely a question of just wrongly applied, pushing your child into the wrong school. The result may bias teachers for years afterwards.

CLOAK OF MAGIC

What of the effect on the child himself?

Psychologists are constantly warning us about the damage we can do by openly preferring one child in our family to another. Yet, by claiming to grade a child's intellect, they may be doing the same damage on an infinitely larger scale.

To be fair, psychologists themselves rarely talk of "intelligence tests." They call them "aptitude tests"—tests which measure aptitude for a grammar school course, for clerical work, and so on. Even so, the results of these tests are too often remembered when the marks in last year's French or Latin examination have been long forgotten. They have been wrapped in a cloak of magic which other examinations have never worn.

Can errors be made in intelligence testing? Here are some common causes:—

First, that though these tests are a useful check on a teacher's personal grading they must not be credited with infallible, magic insight of their own.

Secondly, though we use them to measure aptitude on one occasion, we must not allow them to put our children into life-long categories. Each child is unique. We should no more decide his future on the results of one test at 11 than we would choose our Olympic runners by taking their chest and height measurements at leaving school.

What conclusions should we draw?

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How BRIGHT ARE YOU?

HERE are the answers to the Intelligence test:—

1. (a) cup, (b) potato, (c) hiding.

2. (a) AQ, (b) AB2, (c) 1a2.

3. East.

Answers at foot of Column.

THE SPEED FACTOR:

Many tests rely on a large number of easy questions. Most children are not expected to reach the end of the paper, but the brightest children nearly always go quickest and get the best results. But this is unfair to the intelligent child who has been trained to go slowly, to check and recheck his work.

THE SUTILE CHILD:

Most bright children answer questions straightforwardly. Asked to underline the odd word-out in "Penny, Halfpenny, Farthing, Pound they will get full marks for running the pendis under Pound. Why? Because it is the only paper-money in a list of copper coins.

But an equally intelligent child—if he is gifted with a queer, subtle mind—may plump for farthing. He will reason that, from all the list, only the farthing is near obsolete.

A CHECK

TESTS FOR THE TEST-ERS:

With tests for young children the tester himself becomes all-important. Consider one trial for toddlers. The adult makes a small tower out of building bricks. Then the child has to copy this with his own bricks—and marks are awarded for speed and accuracy.

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NEW TIMES CALL FOR NEW METHODS

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Danamask is the real synthesis of all existing make-ups. All the ingredients entering its composition are absolutely harmless to the epidermis.

POUDRE MAQUILLANTE

KG-3



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## BEACH DRESS IN GLAZED COTTON



"Soleares", a chic one-piece beach dress in light blue glazed cotton. By Ledoux-Sports. — Agence France-Presse.

## OLD CONVENTIONS TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN

Paris. THE old conventions that mattress-ticking is usually kept to cover mattresses and that broderie anglaise should be used for petticoat flounces have been turned upside down in Paris: hats are now made from wicker bread-baskets; plates printed with spotted veiling; chiffon handkerchiefs suggested as table napkins.

Designer Pierre Balmain began by using pastel flowered cotton brocade (the kind chiefly French housewives buy to cover their mattresses) for light coats to slip over summer dance dresses; then used the same mattress-ticking to cover walls of his new Paris apartment.

## CRIBBING

In the Jeanne Lanvin boutique, mannequins wore conversation-piece chapeaux made from ordinary wicker bread-baskets. No wonder designers specialising in china and table linen retailed by cribbing the dress designers' ideas.

## Long Body Line For The Junior Miss

London. AT the Children's Wear Trade Fair I was delighted to find manufacturers providing fashion styles for those forgotten years, the eleventh to fourteen.

Charmingly simple nylon organza party dresses had the fashionable new long body line and for day wear there were becoming jersey tweeds, woven with angora, trimmed with knitted ribbing bands or washable velvet.

Another unusual party dress, in Swiss crystal organza, was woven with matching embroidery insets, light and pretty for summer—and washable.

And something really new in baby dresses... brightly coloured dresses in Belgian handwoven wool, with the design bands of trimming woven right into the cloth.

## HOME DECORATOR

FOR the housewife who likes to take a personal hand in decorating I have discovered a really useful handbook. It assumes from the start that you have enthusiasm but not talent and takes you through painting and renovating step by step. There's an instructive chapter on colour psychology. Red, for instance, is over-stimulating to live with. Striking blue is depressing, vivid orange is dazzling, and dark green is boring.

Decorating for Amateur. 15s. 6d. Bland and Lane. Bland.

## BEWARE OF FASHION'S PITFALLS

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London. THIS is a year for colourful, eye-catching designs, particularly in accessories. Though this brings greater variety to styles, it brings a big problem too. For these startling designs could tempt the unwary into choosing something completely unsuitable.

So Elizabeth and I have picked out some of the striking new designs — just because they are striking — to consider their danger points.

Take the new cotton blazers, stylish, gay, but definitely hard to wear. They only look their best on the chic and sophisticated. Wear them with a pencil skirt — and avoid fussy trimmings, please. Elizabeth has sketched two of the new styles. One is in a white pique banded with sage blue braid, the other is in blue and white striped woven cotton.

Take the new berets. Made in a soft pliable material — the best-imitation of silk — they can conveniently be twisted to suit any shape of face. The risk here is that the hairstyle will ruin the effect. Avoid this by remembering the simple rule — choose your hairstyle first, your hat second. Most people find that these hats look best with a face-framing style which has sufficient curl to soften the lines of the hat, but not so much that it looks untidy. The forward tipping boater, in striped pique, goes best with a short, neat hairstyle, or a sleek bun.

remains to be seen, but the long look is one that London will carry whatever new styles come from Paris.

You have only to look round the stores and dress houses to see that this line has been introduced for every occasion; and that it sells at prices to suit every pocket. Variations on it are numerous. They range from the rather severe appearance of a day dress with the buckled belt at mid hip level and a stiff pleated skirt, to the soft flowing lines of a shantung dress with its sash draped at mid hip level and gathered skirt.

As another variation on the long look, many designers show the long overblouse which is often teamed with a matching skirt to make a suit. The overblouse may be in any material from cotton to wool, has rounded shoulders, is fitted at the waistline and over the hips.

Frederick Starke, for instance, shows an outfit — and banana beige is the new colour — which consists of this fitted overblouse with three-quarter sleeves and patch pocket on the hipline, teamed with a crisp pleated skirt. This is a day time outfit. Other houses have similar outfits for evening. One, for instance, shows an evening overblouse in black velvet mottled with moss green. It has a scooped out neckline and it buttons down the front to its hem at mid hip level.

Hats to go with these outfits affect a casual air and many of them are made in pull-on styles to match the suit.



A group of striking new designs: white pique blazer banded with sage blue braid; tip-tilted boater in pink and white pique; floppy beret in spotted silk gathered onto a stiff band; woven cotton blazer striped in navy and white.

## NOW LADY MARYE IS A PRIVATE DETECTIVE

By EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE

London. TWENTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD Lady Marye Rous, cousin of the Duke of Westminster — who in her time has been waitress, actress, model, cook-general, and factory hand — has a new job. She has become a private detective.

Lady Marye is working for Britain's biggest private detective agency. Its headquarters are in Soho.

Her employer tells me: "She is an excellent operative, a first-class agent. She has been with me a month and already has done some high-powered jobs."

"Lady Marye is ideal for undercover work—keen mind, sharp eye, and pretty. But she can be inconspicuous when it is necessary."

Lady Marye has one criticism of her new job. "It is absolutely maddening to have this awful seal of secrecy on you," she said.

## ON HER OWN

LADY PAMELA MOUNTBATTEN, 25, who has always lived in one of her parents' homes—however temporary—is launching out on her own. She has just moved into a flat in Belgravia.

Lady Pamela is a quiet, shy girl, but her friends hope the change of address will mean she will be seen out more.

The flat, however, was chosen by her parents, Earl and Countess Mountbatten. And living right next door is Lady Brabourne, Lady Pamela's elder sister.

## ALTERATION

THE 83-year-old Marquis of Winchester, premier Marquis of England, has asked the editor of a peerage reference book to change the description of his third wife's status.

The marchioness, an Indian, has hitherto been described as "Bapsy Pavry, daughter of the Most Rev. Khurshedji Pavry, High Priest of the Parsees in India."

The marquis now says his father-in-law was "merely priest of a fire temple," and requests that reference books should be amended.

## IN THE GARDEN

I HAVE news of Lady Oranmore and Browne, who, as Sally Gray, was one of Britain's most lovely young film and stage actresses. She is living quietly at Castle MacGarrett, her husband's seat in County Mayo. Her main interest at the moment is gardening.

The gardens of the castle are open to the public. Lady Oranmore and Browne "loves pottering around" in them. Her latest venture in horticulture is growing cast from seeds. "I may sell the surplus ones," she told me.

Lady Oranmore and Browne is reputed to be one of the best shots in Ireland—except from Buckingham Palace. It plays off his time in the gardens too, but farming is his main interest. Many acres of his land which were ruddy and waterlogged are

now producing the best grass in the West.

Next month the Oranmore and Brownes, who were married in 1933, will move to the South of France for a month or so.

## HONEYMOON OVER

LORD and Lady Brownlow, who were married in Las Vegas, Nevada, last December, are back in London. They spent most of their honeymoon at picturesquely named Great House at Roaring Waters, Lord Brownlow's estate in Jamaica.

American-born Lady Brownlow, who was formerly Lady Betty, took a trip to Manchester recently. Her object: to collect a painting. It is a portrait of a Balinese girl, painted by herself in 1930.

Lady Brownlow promised the canvas to the Painting for Pleasure Exhibition, which opened last week.

Lady Brownlow had the picture sent to Manchester from Ireland. It wasn't collected before because, she says, "I thought the exhibition didn't open until June."

## TWIN

I HEAR that Viscountess Ednam is expecting twins shortly. When they arrive, the children will have famous twin great-uncles—the Hon. Edward and the Hon. George Ward, brothers of the Earl of Dudley, Viscount Ednam's father.

Before her marriage Lady Ednam was Miss Stella Carcano, daughter of a former Argentine Ambassador in London. The Ednams have an eight-year-old son, William.

## £80,000 CARPET

MILLIONAIRESS Barbara Hutton has sent a carpet worth £80,000 to Versailles Palace. The carpet, once owned by Marie Antoinette, is shown at the Palace at an exhibition of nearly 1,000 Antoinette treasures, gathered from all parts of the world. The exhibition commemorates the 200th anniversary of her birth.

Names of those who have sent their treasures—they include Prince Michael of Greece, Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, and the Duchess of Sutherland—appear in a 300-page catalogue. But Miss Hutton's name is not among them.

She says there has been too much talk about her wealth—and this has caused her much unhappiness.

Queen Elizabeth has sent a Marie Antoinette cloak from Buckingham Palace. It plays off his time in the gardens too, but farming is his main interest. Many acres of his land which were ruddy and waterlogged are

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in  
Shell-pink, new blue  
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24, STANLEY ST. TEL: 2118.



ON HER HEAD a broad-brimmed hat. A twist of chiffon and a black-mottled linen bodice turn it into a hat with the Parisian touch.

## STYLE PLUS MATERIAL INTEREST



This delightful beach suit in strawberry-pink poplin with a white scroll design is by Ledoux-Sports. The little upstanding collar adds an original touch. — Agence France-Presse.

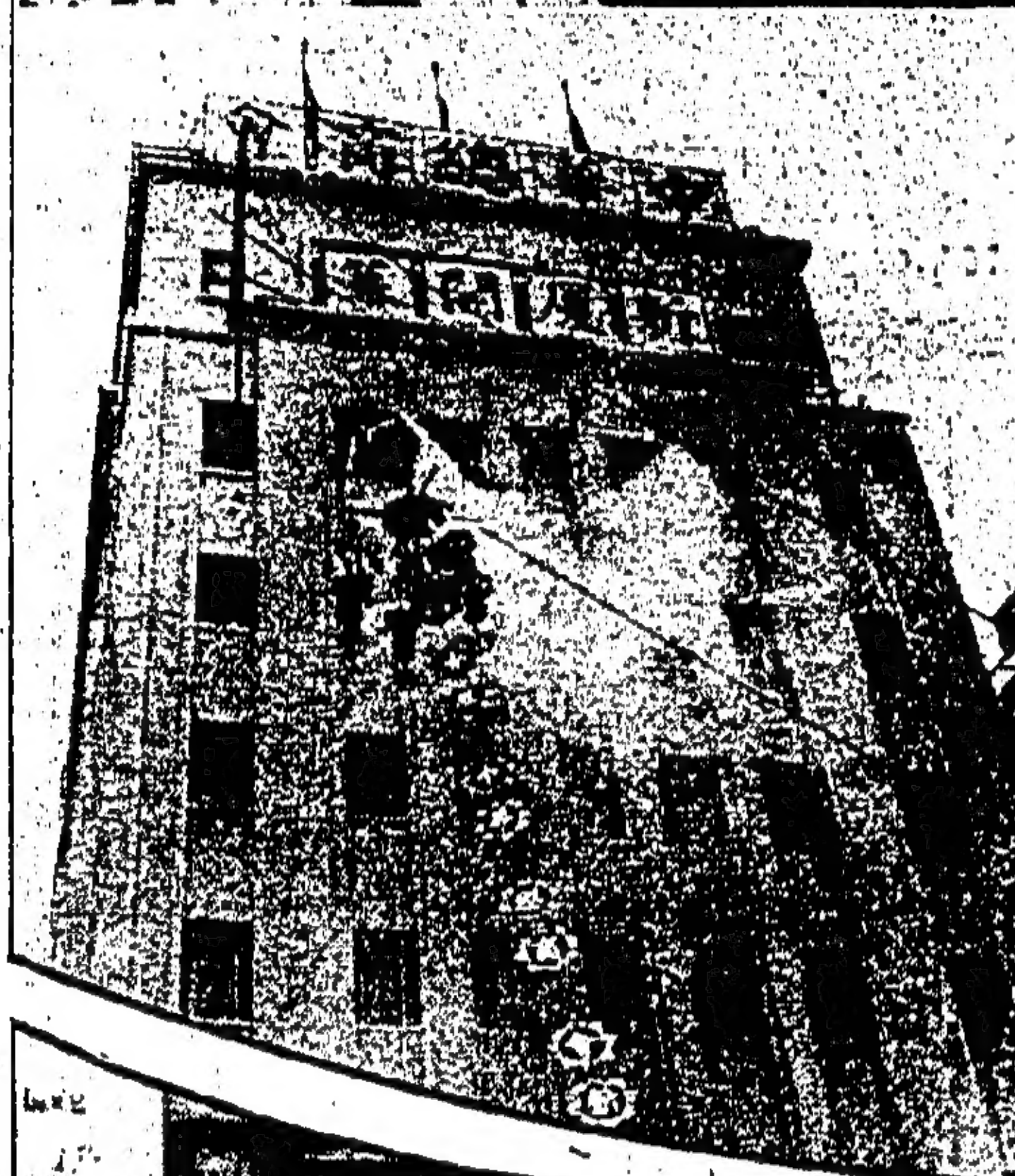




MR D. O. Silver, President of the Ceylon Association, speaking at the quarterly Commonwealth luncheon on Wednesday at the Paramount Ballroom. On the left is Mr R. G. Dunlop and on the right Mr N. T. Assomull. (Staff Photographer)



MR Tong Sheung (left), who won the popular poll conducted by the China Mail for the "Footballer of the Year," poses for a picture with the famous veteran, Mr Lee Wai-tong, after the presentation of the cup on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Scenes at the official opening by His Excellency the Governor of the new headquarters of the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce. His Excellency is seen greeting the Directors and, later, having refreshments with Mr Hui Pee-kok, the Chairman, Lady Grantham and other guests. A long string of firecrackers added the traditional touch. (Staff Photographer)



COMMITTEE of the Hongkong Stage Club, elected at the annual meeting on Tuesday. Front row, from left: Miss J. Tomblin, Miss D. Revie, Mr L. Dunning, Mr R. Oblitas (President), Miss J. M. Bird, Mrs P. Rowe-Evans and Mrs Y. Charter. Back row: The Rev. Fr T. J. Sheridan and Mr E. W. Spong. (Staff Photographer)



FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs R. Mackenzie who attended the christening of their baby daughter, Elizabeth Anne, at the Kowloon Union Church last Sunday. (Willie's)



AMANDA LOUISE, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs M. Vaughan Palmer, was christened at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. Here she is with her parents and their friends after the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr V.K. Krishna Menon, the Indian diplomat, chatting with Miss Betty Jean Lifton, newspaper correspondent, before he embarked on his way home after his Peking trip. (Staff Photographer)

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ROYAL HONGKONG YACHT CLUB  
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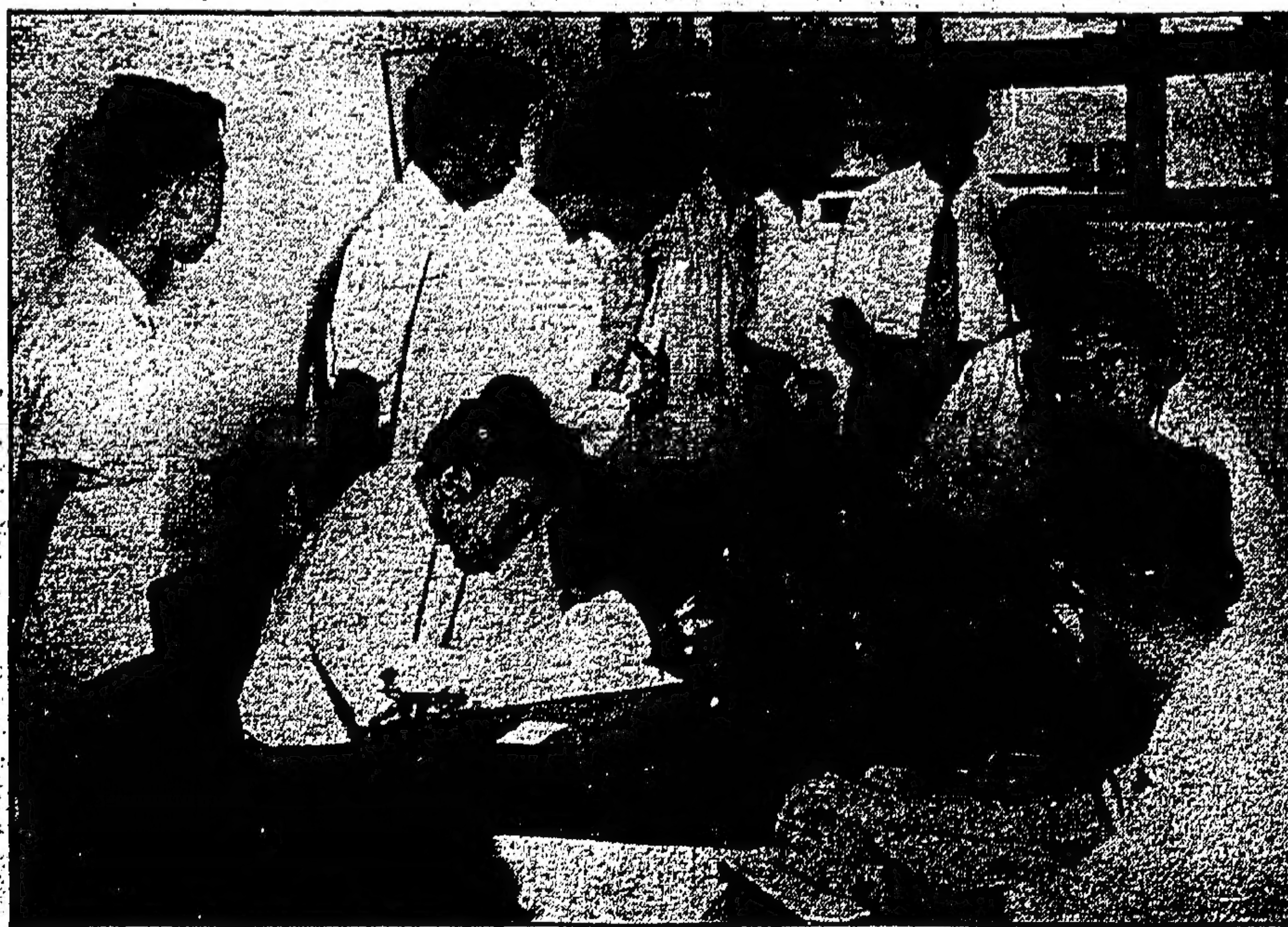
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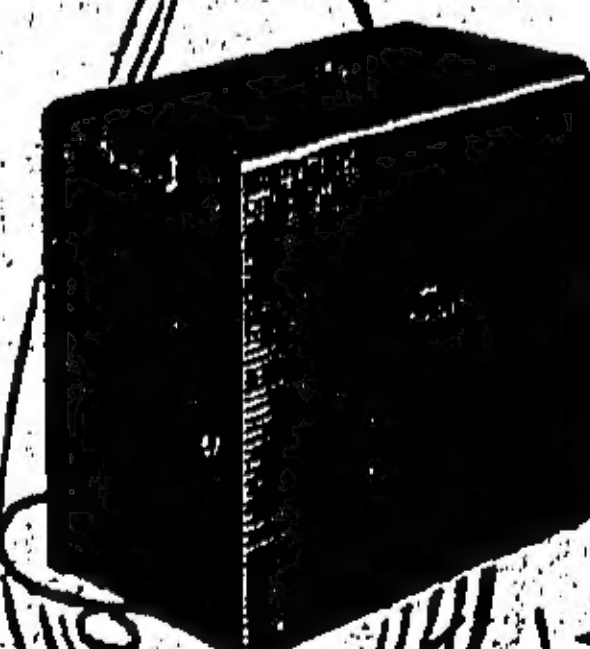


VISITORS to the Hongkong Technical College during the "open day" on Thursday watching with interest a demonstration of wireless telegraphy, one of several vocational subjects taught there. (Staff Photographer)

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THE Director of Education, the Hon. D. J. S. Crozier, addressing the fifth annual conference of the Hongkong Teachers' Association, Chinese Section. The conference opened at the Pui Ching Middle School last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Professor C. K. Ingold, FRS, Professor of Chemistry at London University (dark suit), met at Kai Tak by Prof. J. E. Driver, of the Hongkong University. Prof. Ingold has come here to act as External Examiner in Chemistry. (Staff Photographer)



THE Commissioner of Resettlement, Mr. D. R. Holmes, showing the model of a development project to His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, during his tour of Kowloon resettlement areas last week. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr and Mrs Lance Hull with friends after their wedding at the Kowloon Union Church last Saturday. The bride was Miss Ann Cooper. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Honouring a toast at the annual dinner of the Army Football Association. From left: Mr C. S. Wang, Major C. D. Elrick, Mrs Le Feuvre, the Hon. Kwok Chan, Mrs J. A. Dawson, Lt-Col O. D. A. Le Feuvre (Chairman of the Association), Mrs Kwok Chan, Col J. A. Dawson and Mrs C. S. Wang. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Wedding at St Joseph's Church on Tuesday of Mr Reginaldo A. Rocha and Miss Margarida Aideguer. (Staff Photographer)



ROTARY CLUB members turned up in force at the Ritz on Tuesday to say bon voyage to their President, Mr W. V. Pennell (second from right), who is going on leave. On left is Mr George Lin, Past President. (Staff Photographer)



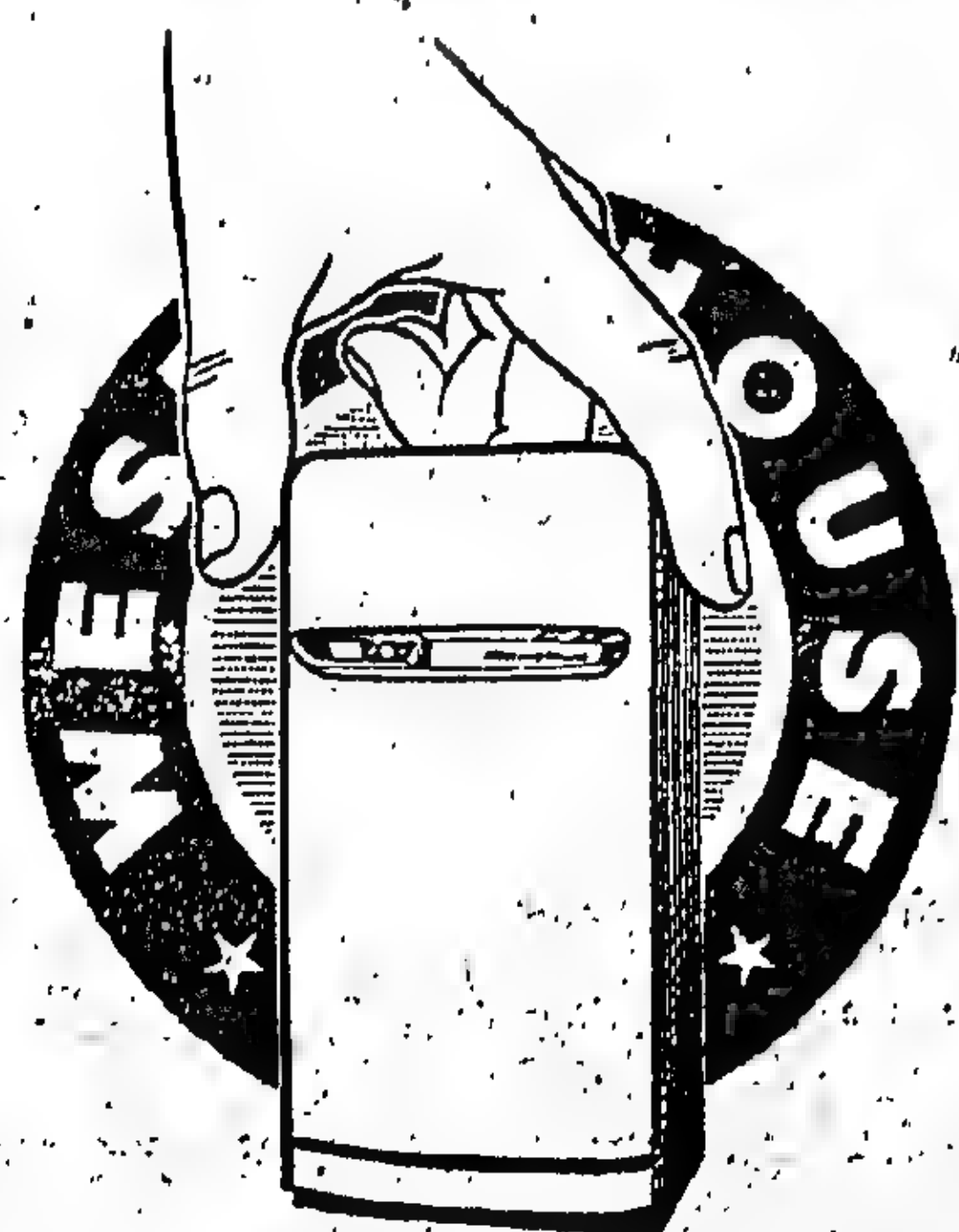
PICTURE taken on the occasion of the christening, at the English Methodist Church, of Lisa Fannie Frantz, baby daughter of Mr and Mrs H. D. Frantz. (Willie's)



THE new school for children of the three Services, St George's School, Kowloon Tsai, was opened by Lt-Gen C. S. Sugden, Commander, British Forces, on Wednesday. The school has accommodation for 338 students, and fills a long-felt need. Gen. Sugden is seen below with the Headmaster, Mr G. J. Webb. Left: A song by some of the children. Lower left: Parents and visitors inspecting cups and trophies on display. (Staff Photographer)



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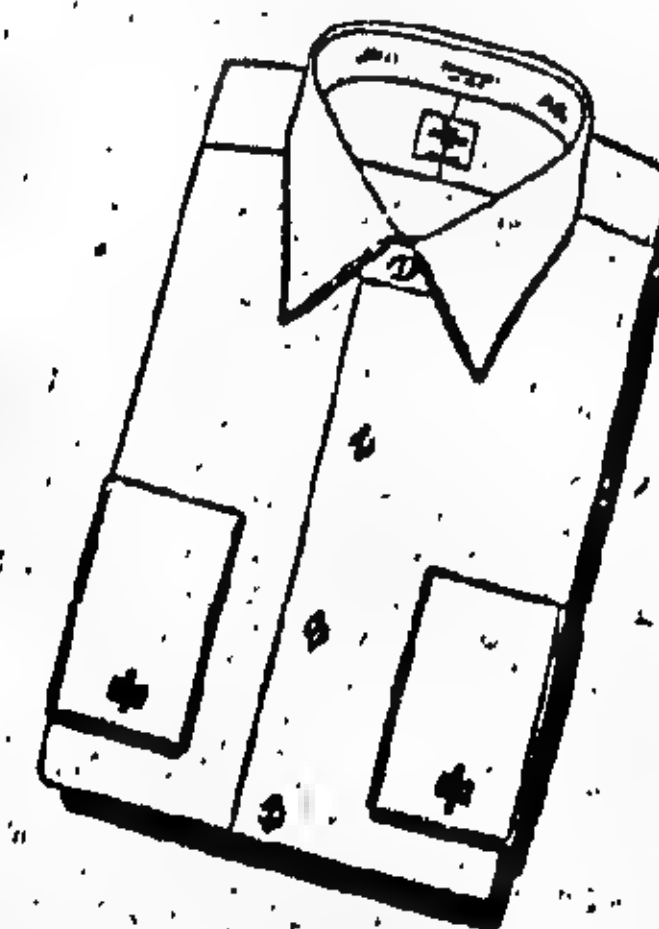


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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



## What An Expectant Mother Can Do For THE TEETH OF THE UNBORN

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

THE essentials for good teeth are not all fully understood; but there are enough things we know to help greatly in improving our teeth, if we would only practise them.

Good teeth depend somewhat on heredity. That, obviously, is something we can do little about. The heredity of living people is already established, and that of future generations will hardly be determined on the basis of dental health. Nevertheless, there is one thing we can do—and that is to give consideration to the teeth we have, and if it is not good, pay particular attention to the health, the cleanliness and the care of our teeth. It is neither necessary nor sensible to give up caring for teeth merely because the Joneses have had bad teeth for generations; it runs in the family. Smart families don't allow it to run.

For the teeth of the unborn, there is much that the expectant mother can do. These teeth are being formed even before birth, and they are dependent upon a good supply of calcium and vitamin D, the cod-liver oil or "sunshine" vitamin. These are supplied in the mother's diet.

### Milk Need

An ample supply of milk and milk products and fresh vegetables, plus lots of sunshine and vitamin D as prescribed by the doctor (unless he considers the sunshine and vitamin D in the milk sufficient) takes care of the dietary needs of the unborn child's rudimentary teeth. After the child is born, the good dietary principles are maintained through breast feeding or a regulated feeding programme supervised by the physician. Diet is of greater importance during the prenatal and early infant times than later, because it has little or no effect on the tooth after it is erupted—with one important exception, too much sugar.

Dental decay is the most prevalent disease affecting man. School children have been observed in some areas in America to suffer from tooth decay up

to 98 per cent. of those examined. Careful brushing alone will not prevent dental decay; nevertheless cleanliness of the teeth is an important factor in keeping them healthy. One of the causes of decay is the action of bacteria which collect and operate in what are known as plaques of material adherent to the teeth after eating. So brush, when possible, after each meal, and learn how to brush, from your dentist.

And now—just a moment until I put on my steel helmet and bullet proof vest before the shooting starts—I am going to repeat my recommendations in favour of the use of fluoride to preserve the teeth of children, and let the wolves do their

worst. Maybe that metaphor is a bit mixed, but I hope it conveys the idea. The opponents of this constructive public health procedure are as vociferous as any group I have ever encountered. Don't ask me why.

### Scientific Evidence

The facts, based on ample scientific evidence, are that where natural fluorides abound in public water supplies, there may appear mottling of the enamel which gives an unpleasant appearance to the teeth. But in those same areas tooth decay is much reduced. The reduction in tooth decay, without mottling of the enamel, can be achieved by the

simple, inexpensive and perfectly safe procedure of adjusting the fluoride in public water supplies where it is deficient, to a level of one part per million of water. This measure has the endorsement of the American Medical Association, the American Dental Association, the American Public Health Association, the State and Territorial Health Officers, and the (U.S.) Public Health Service.

Another way of using fluoride is by applying it to the surface of children's teeth at intervals prescribed by the dentist. This is a more expensive procedure, but may be useful where community fluoridation is not practicable, or where obstructionists have succeeded in blocking the simpler and cheaper method via the water supply.

## MODEL ROOMS GLOW WITH VIVID COLOURS

COLOURFUL times ahead in the home, judging from all reports.

Furniture, accessories, room decoration show more vivid colour than ever. Starting with the room itself, deep-toned walls seem to be out for the time being, save for charcoal, which makes a marvellous background for rich, vibrant colours. Often it is schemed with various pinks and al-ways with lots of white.

### BLUE-GREEN

Turquoise and other distinct members of the blue-green family are steadily increasing in favour as the yellow-greens, the lime, avocado and olive hues, lose some of their firm grip on the public taste.

At a recent showing, the crowds were thickest and most

admiring in a model living room with blue-green walls, draperies, rugs and lamps, the scheme relieved by accents of purple-pink in cushions and pottery accents. As in clothes, yellow is making a big impression, just now. A handsome room is done in yellow-gold walls and bitter-sweet coloured upholstery, set off by accessories in stark white. In a bedroom, this same sunny yellow hue has been combined with turquoise, a colour combination that wouldn't even have been suggested, but a few years ago. In this model room, the turquoise is repeated in the bedspread, and in a small, upholstered chair.

White furniture and white lamps are accented against the yellow-gold walls and coral "inside" shutters add the decorative touch.

Paint dealers say they can't keep pink paint in stock. Furniture comes with pink touches, sometimes a combination of pink and charcoal, and the colour is used not only for

living areas but for bathrooms and kitchens, also. Pink walls with brown furniture and touches of mauve are most effective, and not too theatrical.

### PINK AND RED

Pink used with red accents, although unusual, is getting ready acceptance, just as it is in feminine fashions. One eye-catching dining room in a room display, creates a colourful and most effective atmosphere with deep pink walls and rich blue rugs, blue draperies, chair cushions and lamp shades. Such blues as sky blue and Dresden blue are finding marked favour, too.

— Eleanor Ross

## Novelty Oyster And Veal Dishes

By ALICE DENHOFF

HERE are some recipes that are enough off the beaten path to lend a touch of novelty without denting the budget.

Oysters à la King, for instance, is a delicious main dish for luncheon or supper.

To serve 6, summer 1 pt. oysters in their liquor for about 5 min, or until edges begin to curl. Drain. Cook ¼ c. each green pepper and celery, both sliced, in 4 tbsp. butter until tender. Blend in 5 tbsp. flour, and 2 c. milk; cook until tender. Blend in 5 tbsp. flour, add 2 c. milk; cook until tender, stirring constantly.

Beat 1 beaten egg, stir a little of the hot sauce, then add egg mixture to sauce, stirring constantly. Add oysters and tsp. chopped pimiento, tsp. salt and ½ tsp. pepper. Heat thoroughly. Serve in patty shells on buttered toast.

If you're planning to serve veal cutlets, here's an idea to make this dish taste even better. Instead of pounding flour into the veal, pound grated dry cheese (Parmesan or Romano) into the meat. Then pan-fry slowly until lightly browned in a little hot fat (oil, lard and half margarine or butter). Season veal with onion or garlic salt and a little pepper; cook over low heat for about 15 min., turning once or twice. Serve with hot tomato sauce "spiked" with a little Worcestershire sauce.

If the meal seems a trifle on the light side, how about making up for it with a wonderful pudding, one that is as inviting as it is delicious? Saucy Ginger Pudding to serve 8 is the recipe.

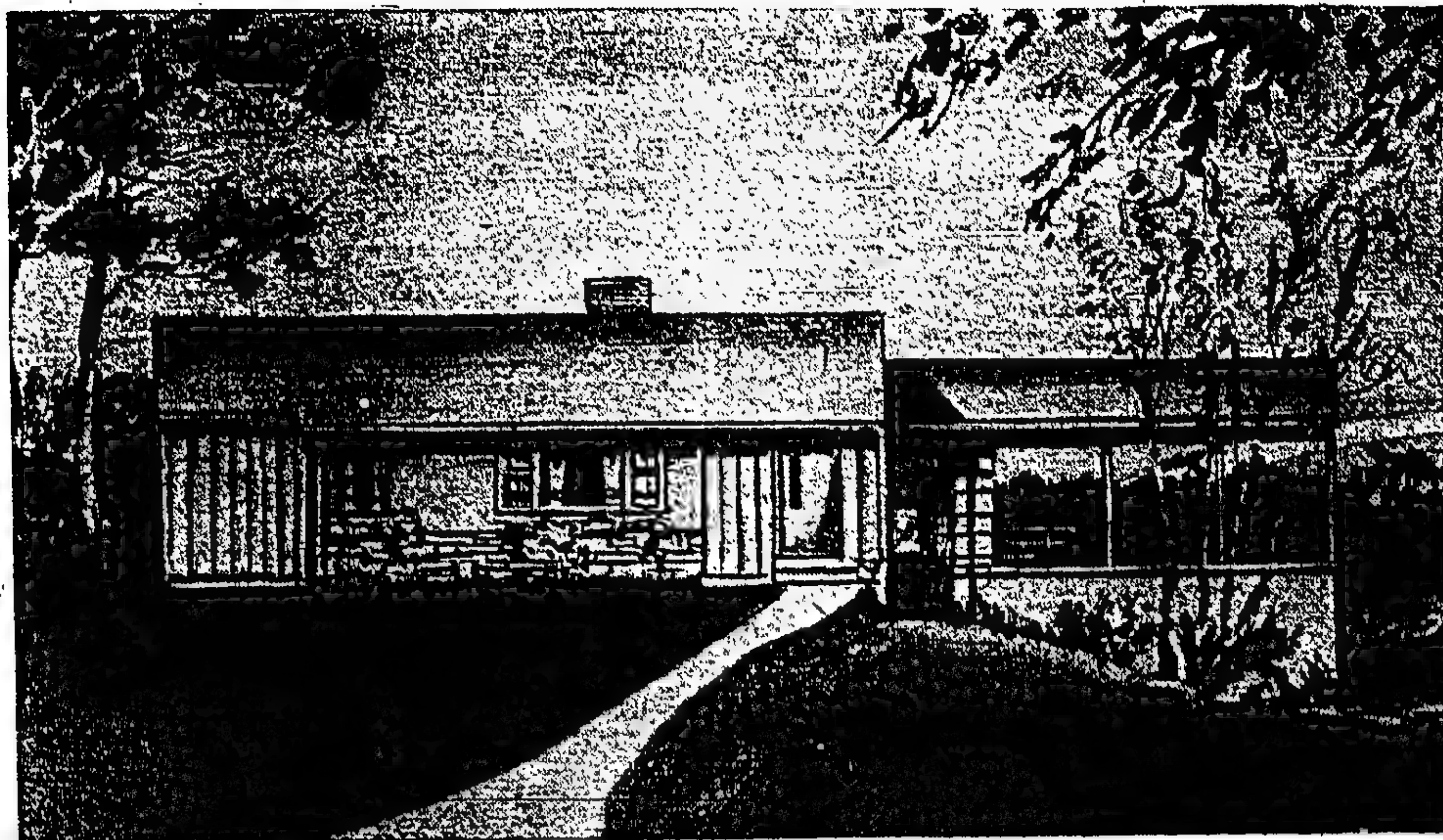
Sift together 1 c. sifted all-purpose flour, 2 tsp. double-acting baking powder and ¼ tsp. salt.

Blend ½ tsp. ground ginger with 2 tsp. shortening; add 2/3 c. dark brown sugar and mix well. Beat in 1 unbroken egg. Add flour mixture alternately with 1/3 c. hot water, beginning and ending with flour. Beat batter into well-greased, lightly-browned 8x8x2-in. pan.

Combine ¼ c. brown sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. ground ginger, ¼ tsp. grated lemon rind, 1 tsp. lemon juice and 1 ½ c. cold water. Pour this mixture over batter.

Heat oven to 375° F. and bake for 35 min., or until done. Serve warm, topped with whipped cream and a maraschino cherry.

## Well-Planned Modern Homes



BECAUSE THE ATTACHED GARAGE for this design is on a lower level than the house, a special site is required where the slope permits such a plan.

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

MONEY'S the object when you're building a home. The budget will stretch just so far.

This means, when plans are being considered, there are always a few luxury "extras" that have to go. All well and good, but be sure the home of your choice contains all the essentials, is comfortable and roomy enough to accommodate your family.

That's the advice of an American architect, Jan Reiner. As Mr. Reiner points out, money—or, rather, lack of it—may make you settle for a smaller home than you'd like. But don't settle for one that's too small.



Check sleeping quarters first.

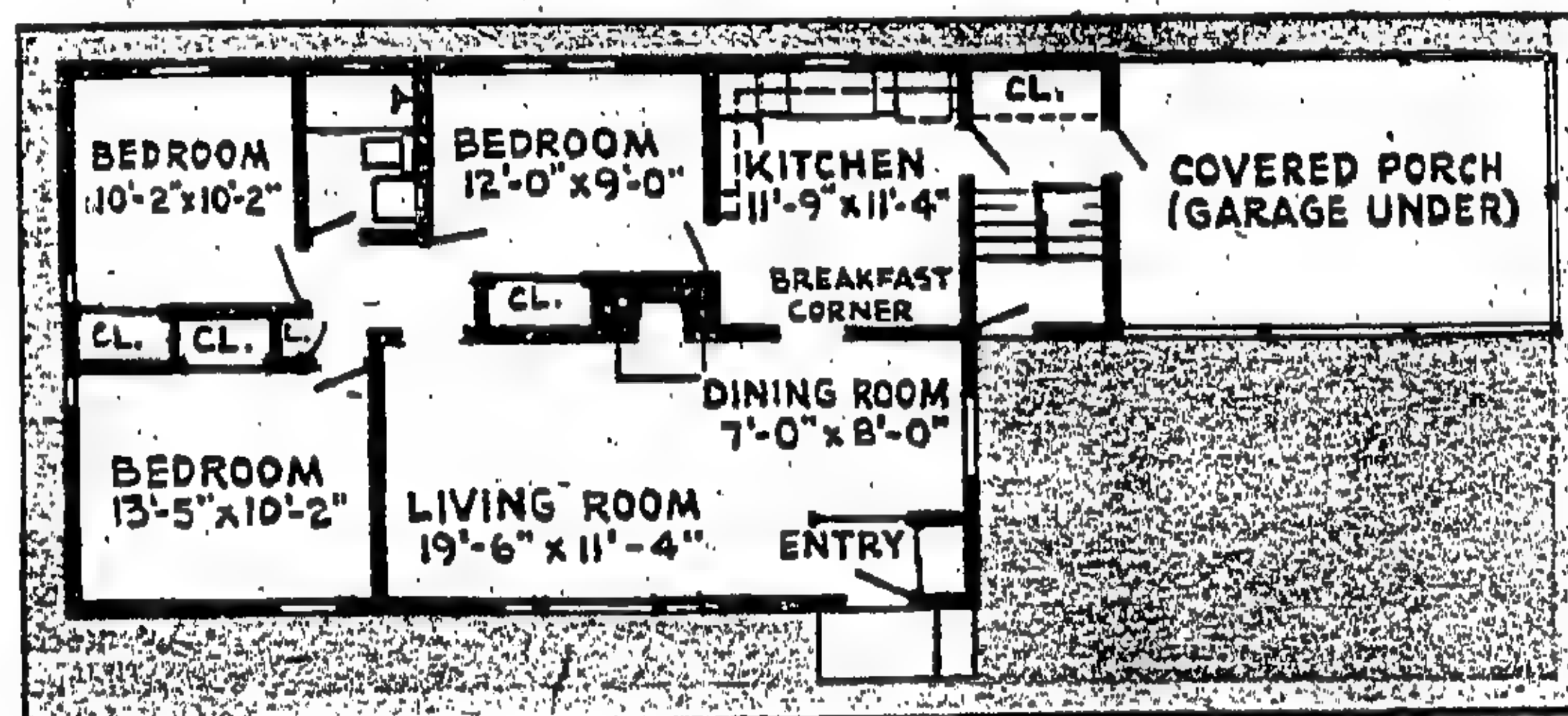
Remember that psychologists recommend that children over six months old should not sleep with their parents. They suggest that youngsters over five years old, and of different sexes, have different bedrooms. This means planning sleeping quarters both for now, and for later on, when the youngsters are older.

Also be sure to check on storage space, says Mr. Reiner. Note the facilities for same in kitchen, bedrooms and throughout the house. Remember that, with the average family, miscellany piles up as the years go by. That's where attic, basement and roomy closets come in handy.

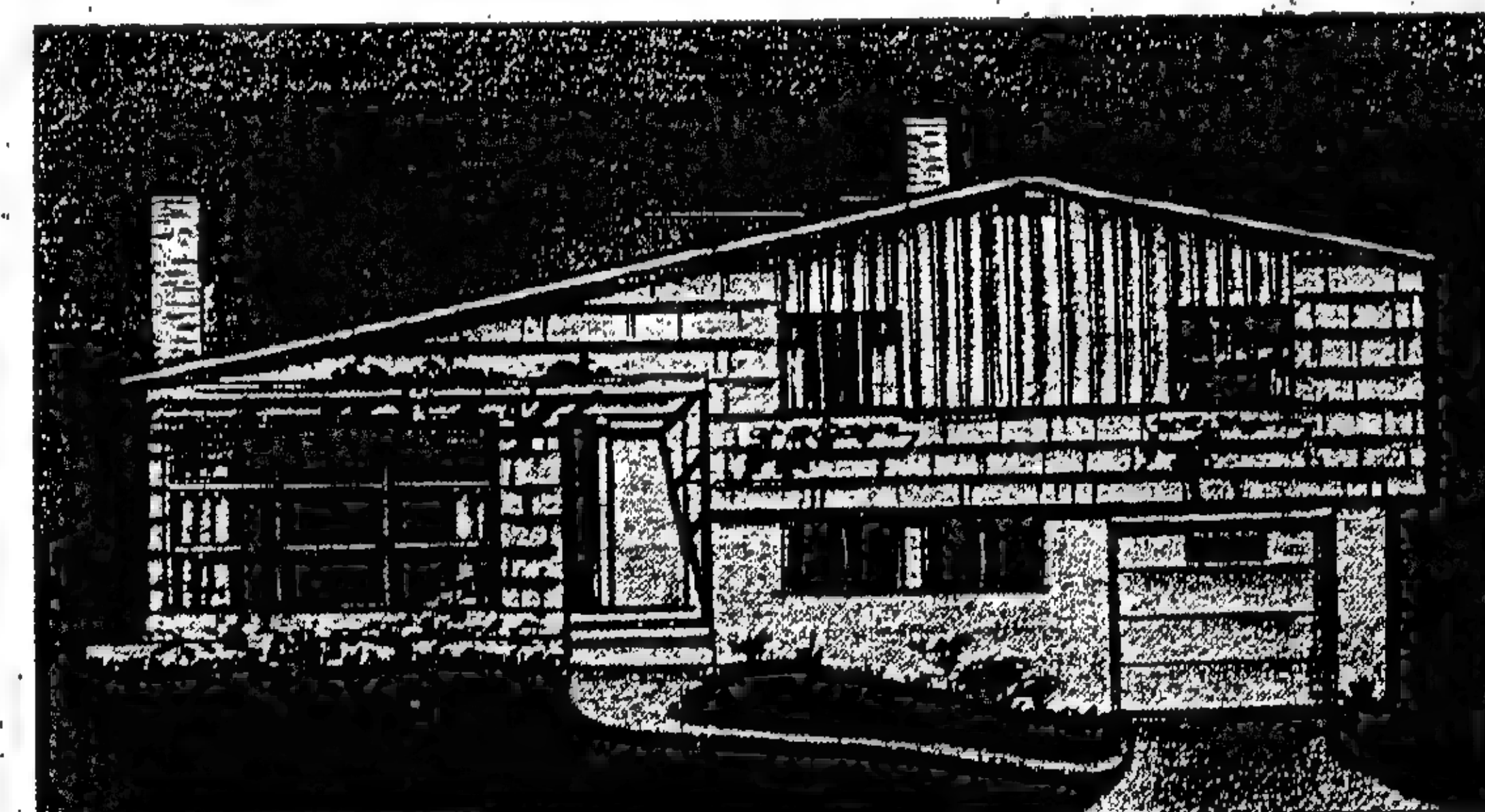
The house pictured on top of the page is a three-bedroom plan, with sleeping quarters accessible from a hall off the living room. Closet room is generous, and ventilation is good.

The kitchen, with an L-shaped arrangement of appliances, has the added advantage of a snack corner. Dining facilities are also to be found in the spacious living room, a charming area with a large fireplace the focal point of interest.

A delightful covered porch extends the line of the house. Underneath it is the garage. This part of the plan calls for a special site where the slope permits this usage.



AMONG THE NICE FEATURES of this three-bedroom plan are the huge living-dining area and the covered porch over the lower-level garage. Note also that the kitchen has a cozy breakfast corner.

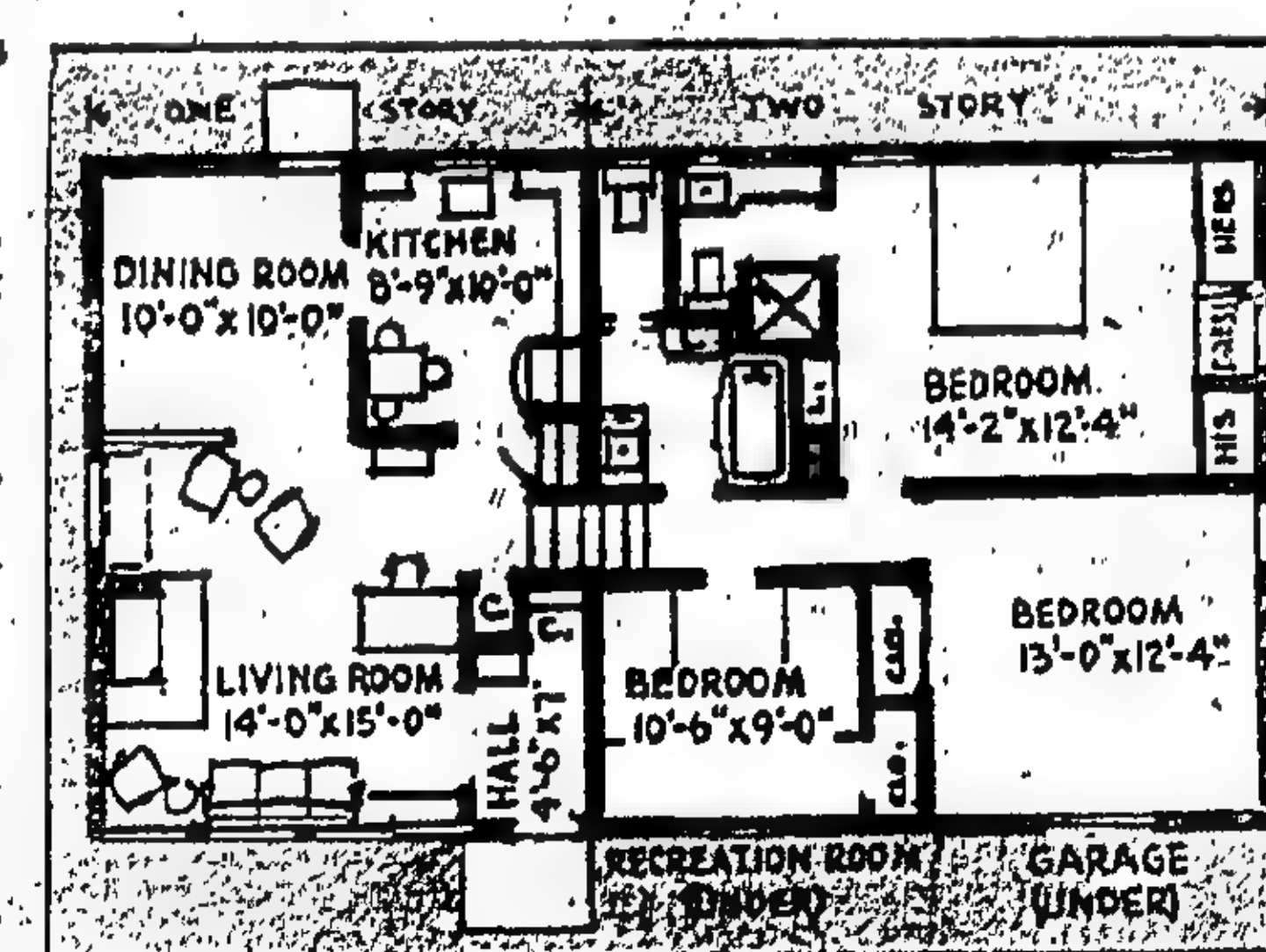


HORIZONTAL AND VERTICAL SIDING give the exterior of this house a modern look. There are planting boxes under both of the bedroom windows, a graceful trellis over the front entrance area.

The design is 67 feet 6 inches long, including the covered porch, and 24 feet wide.

The other design shown here is a split-level plan, with living and sleeping areas separated by six short steps. This doesn't detract from convenience, but does add to the privacy of both sleeping and activity levels. It also creates space below the bedrooms which can be used as a basement recreation room or den, without running into the area planned for the laundry and garage.

This, too, is a three-bedroom house, with sleeping quarters on the second level. The main floor is an open plan with living and dining rooms opening on each other. The kitchen has entrances to both rooms, is reasonably large and planned to make homemaking easy. The plan has a frontage of 46 feet and is 26 feet wide.



THE DINING ROOM and kitchen open off the spacious living room. Six steps up from the activity level are three good-sized bedrooms.

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## Let The Baby Sleep The Way He Likes Best

By H. N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

SHOULD a baby sleep on his back or on his stomach?

This is a controversy which I'm sure rages in most homes blessed with a new baby.

Some doctors advise one position, others recommend the other. My solution to this problem is relatively simple.

It doesn't make any difference. Let your baby sleep in the position he prefers. Most youngsters just naturally go to sleep on

their backs. Usually a baby will turn his head to one side as he sleeps and rest his arms alongside his head.

Some prefer to sleep on their stomachs during the first few months. When your baby is older he'll probably flip himself over if he so desires. After he's nine months old or so, he'll change his position several times during his sleep.

One argument in favour of stomach-sleeping is that, if your baby has to vomit, he won't

breathe the material into his lungs. Now don't be afraid that your youngster might smother if he spends the night on his stomach. Babies seldom "suffocate" in their sleep.

Many deaths blamed on smothering actually are due to pneumonia or some other severe infection which the baby's parents never suspected existed.

And don't worry about your baby's head becoming flat because he sleeps in the same position each night.

It's true that his head might be flattened slightly because of this. However, this condition almost always disappears by itself by the time your youngster is two years old. Rarely a doctor might have to be consulted.

Your baby should have his own bed. He should sleep alone. While your home should be reasonably quiet while he is sleeping, you don't have to talk in whispers or walk on tip-toe. He must get used to sleeping with ordinary everyday noises going around him.





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## A TRAVELLER IN RED PEKING

## Stern Discipline On Every Level

By WALTER BOSSHARD  
Correspondent of the Neue Zürcher Zeitung, Zurich.

**A**MONG the countless impressions the foreign traveller encounters during his first days in Communist China, there are two which are especially conspicuous. First there is the stern discipline which permeates all classes. Secondly there is the strongly developed sense of national consciousness.

These main impressions are completed by the realisation that the most important pillars of the new regime—next in importance to the army and the police—are an enthusiastic younger generation as well as millions of women who participate with quite unbelievable enthusiasm in the pioneer work of the construction of New China.

The discipline comes as a surprise to every foreigner who knew the former China. It can be observed at the railway stations, in the train, at the team and bus stops, in the shops and even in the narrow lanes of the Chinese metropolis. Everywhere the Chinese now stand in well disciplined rows. He has learnt to wait patiently until his turn comes.

It is extremely rare to see an impatient crowd or people jostling each other.

At every turn the traveller encounters an unparalleled sense of order. This is an amazing adaptation of the highly individualistic mentality of the Chinese to the main lines laid down for him by the Communist Party.

## SURPRISING

The first thing every foreign visitor does is to enquire how it has been possible to achieve such discipline. The official answer invariably is to the effect that these surprising results are achieved by a continuous process of teaching and enlightenment.

There is undoubtedly a lot of truth in this. Anyone who travels on the Chinese railways and sits for hours obliged to listen to the incessant flow of directions given to the passengers as to how they should behave etc., at first only reluctantly complies with the directions given but eventually finds that he is doing so automatically.

Life in Moscow as in the capitals of the satellite states conclusively proves how effective, given the necessary conditions, this method can be in the long run.

In Peking as a typical example they quote the experience of a foreign diplomat opposite whose house work on a new building was proceeding. As early as five in the morning the loudspeakers started to blast out directions to the workers lodged in barracks on the site of the building. A paternal friendly voice repeating the same words three or four times reminded them that it was time to get up. A new day had started. Chairman Mao Tse-tung, once more expected them to overhaul their norms.

There followed explanations on the importance of physical hygiene. These invariably ended with the repeated exhortation to remember to wash their faces and hands. In much the same way, during the course of

the day further instructions on how to work, how to behave, how to rest, how to share your meals with your comrades, were given.

The story goes that as a result of the daily repetition of these orders about getting up as well as the daily exhortations to cleanliness, the diplomat himself became so obsessed with the whole business that at the end of one month he began to feel a sense of guilt if he still remained in bed after the loud speaker across the road had for the third time ordered everyone to get up.

The same methods are used in regulating traffic on the streets, or the behaviour of shoppers in the bigger stores; also in the organisation of the rubbish carts. Indeed even the daily life of the ordinary householder has become regulated and supervised and a stage has almost been reached where people react much as automata and adapt and subordonate their own lives to the orders which issue from the radio or loud speaker.

## CONFESSIONS

On top of all this there are the daily and weekly education courses linked with the familiar process of confessions and self-confession. These sessions are conducted by experienced Party comrades in every office but also in the cells of the different residential areas. These Party comrades urge those present to confess their mistakes and errors committed by them during the course of the past week. They always end with the question: "Is that all? Are you not hiding anything or keeping anything back?"

This system of weekly confessions even of minor mistakes in front of a group of one's fellow workers results in a sort of mutual control which inspires anxiety and even fear. Nobody knows whether or not his neighbour has observed him in some illicit transaction and whether or not he is likely to bring the matter up in the next meeting. Perhaps by doing so he can hope to prove his own zeal and to conceal his own faults.

For some Chinese this process of compulsory public confession amounts to a sort of mental torture. But to absent oneself without prior permission is to risk being reported to the police who immediately investigate the reasons for such absence.

## RISKS

Special attention is devoted to those cases which suggest that there is some open or secret opposition as the reason for absence. Anyone against whom such suspicions are aroused runs the risk of one day being fetched at his home and taken to a re-education camp where he is likely to undergo an intensive course of "brain washing."

A further measure designed to ensure discipline lies in the arrest of so-called "enemies of the people." This kind of arrest took place almost on a routine basis during the first months after the seizure of power. The unfortunate people concerned were frequently chained and paraded under military guard through the busy streets to their place of execution outside the city walls where the corpses were then left to rot for some days *pour encourager les autres*.

These are just a few of the means employed in the process of achieving stern discipline. Admittedly education and teaching are the most important

means but nevertheless they are in no way the only method used in influencing the masses. If it is true to say that corruption has today disappeared, that bribes or other presents are no longer accepted by officials and that almost every Chinese unhesitatingly accepts decisions given by Party bosses, it must be kept in mind that these are by no means voluntary concessions but are much more results forcibly brought about by an authoritarian rule which disposes of a supervisor and spy service which extends to every household.

## PROPAGANDA

Popular discipline is intensified by means of systematic and almost frenzied appeals to national consciousness and pride. The press, the wireless, the theatre, the cinema, all serve in the first instance as instruments of mass propaganda. The past achievements of the Communist regime as well as what is happening in the remainder of the world are reproduced in exaggerated and one-sided terms. This leads, particularly with the younger generation, to a sense of superiority mostly based on their own ignorance.

To begin with the young are enthusiastically behind the Communist regime because it knows how to awake in the mind of the adolescent faith in the conviction that the Chinese people can now finally stand on its own feet.

Moreover children, from the moment of their birth, are given every conceivable care and attention. There are innumerable coloured posters telling youth of its future in the reconstruction of the country. They are encouraged to attend schools in which the largest possible number of skilled workers, technicians and engineers are to be trained in order that streets and bridges can be built throughout the country. These are the men who are also to be trained to prospect for the country's hidden mineral wealth.

## RECEPTIVE

The Communist regime in China and the discipline which it demands find important support from the ranks of China's womenfolk. These have been given the same rights as their men. Here again it is particularly the young who are exceptionally receptive and enthusiastic. Numerous important posts are held by exceptionally hard-working women who often send their children for the day to one of the state homes run by well-trained personnel.

All these observations and experiences are restricted exclusively to the capital Peking. It is not clear whether they also apply to the villages and cities in the interior of China. No foreigner at present knows what is happening in the provinces.

All the signs point to the fact that the Peking Government has already succeeded by use of modern techniques such as the wireless and permanent loud speakers installed everywhere, in bringing its propaganda even to the most distant valleys of this great Empire.

Its endeavour has been to impose on the 600 million inhabitants as stern a discipline as that which has already been accepted by the Chinese in the capital Peking.

## A DINNER POINTED THE WAY TO THE ELECTION RESULT

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

**T**HERE is a club in London called "The Saints and Sinners." It was started by a few newspaper men, music-hall comedians and bookmakers. The idea was to hold lunches at irregular intervals and, at Christmas, raise funds for charity.

The lunches were held in a sort of smugglers' room of the Albany Club which is much frequented by gentlemen who make books at race meetings and shout the odds to the innocents. There were invited speakers at the luncheons, but heaven help them if they were pompous and dull. No one was safe with that crowd.

Unhappily the Club prospered, and it became rather a smart thing to attend the monthly luncheon, when guests were permitted and oratory flowed from the head table. Cabinet Ministers, famous barristers and peers turned up as guests. Even Douglas Fairbanks, who is a knight but cannot call himself "Sir" unless he renounces his American citizenship, lent his social glory to the Club from time to time. For some reason the Club elected me a member, but we shall let that pass.

## A Move

Then, through some rearrangement, the Albany Club could no longer house us. I forgo the reason, but it is no matter. So we moved to the Dorchester in Park Lane, but in the transition lost something of our character. The comedians and the witts' accountants seemed to fade away and, instead, became a gathering of important men plus a certain number who looked more important than they were.

Each year we have an annual dinner to which guests are invited. This year the chairman of the Club was Arthur Christiansen, Editor of the Daily Express, and so large was the number of guests that we took the Big Banqueting Room of the Dorchester.

Understandably the comedians were not there because they were performing at the theatre. As a matter of fact there were poets, barons, civil servants, editors, novelists and politicians. It was hardly a far cry from the House of Commons, but it was a far cry from the House of Lords.

In response to the card of invitation all of us wore dinner jackets—all but one. The solitary exception was the Right Honourable Aneurin Bevan. This night he was in a lounge suit even as when he was a Cabinet Minister. He wore a similar costume when dining at Buckingham Palace.

He is quite logical about it. "You wear liveries as a Tory," he once said to me, "and I wear my liveries as a Socialist."

## First Speech

My job at the dinner was to propose the health of the guests, but I must confess to being somewhat pleased that Bevan was not on the list of the speakers.

As luck would have it the first speech of the night was by the Right Honourable Sir Hartley Shawcross, Q.C., Attorney-General in the Socialist Government from 1945 to 1951, and probably the highest-paid barrister in Britain.

It is necessary to my tale that I should tell you a little about Sir Hartley. As a boy at a public school (and in England the public school means the private school) he became a Socialist. He was destined for the Bar, and after he had passed his law exams he joined Sir David Maxwell Fyfe (now Lord Kilbride) and the present Lord Chancellor in Liverpool.

Maxwell Fyfe had married an adorable creature named Sylvia Harrison, who had a somewhat feckless, attractive brother named Rex who was determined to go on the stage. Today, of course, he is a great star.

I have a suspicion that Sylvia was not very enthusiastic about the debonair young Hartley Shawcross who had joined her husband. No one could deny that Shawcross was good looking (he still is), nor could they deny that he had a voice like a cello.

## One Jump

But why was he a Socialist? His parents had been, and he himself well endowed with the world's goods to send him to a public (private) school. No one doubts David Maxwell Fyfe said to his wife: "My dear, you cannot run British politics on one party." But Sylvia, probably had an answer to that. "Now let us keep several years' any walk of life should hesitate

to join a left wing movement if they sincerely believe in its philosophy and policy.

When the affair was over, a few of us sat down at a small table for a nightcap and a final appraisal of what was happening in the Socialist Party. One of our party, a man of fine mind and mature judgment, said: "This has always happened in left wing movements anywhere and everywhere. The intellectual, like Shawcross, is attracted to Socialism because it appeals to the sentimental and the idealist. There is something splendid and even uplifting in the idea of raising the common people to be equal masters with the bosses. They forget that there is no more equality in men than in horses."

"Eventually the intellectuals sicken of the very thing they believed in. Remember that Sir Oswald Mosley was a rich Socialist who eventually became a Fascist. Whether Shawcross knows it or not his speech sounded like that of a neo-Fascist."

## Small Majority

General Election 1950: The Socialists were hurried back with only the majority to keep them in power. Shawcross is once more Attorney-General, but in a short time is made President of the Board of Trade. He takes the transition perfectly. Obviously a man of outstanding gifts and personality.

General Election 1951: The Socialists were out and we were in—but by a perilously small majority.

It was almost impossible for any of us Tories to carry on any of our normal outside occupations. Although it is of little importance I resigned as Dramatic Critic of the London Evening Standard for the simple reason that I could not get out of the House of Commons to attend the first nights at the theatre. But most of us were in that kind of predicament.

And what did Master Shawcross do? He calmly returned to private practice at the Bar and proceeded to earn an income of anything from £15,000 to £20,000 a year. For weeks at a time we never saw him in the House although he is still an M.P.

Forgive me for the length of time I have spent on this portrait, but it is an essential background to what happened at the Saints and Sinners dinner.

Shawcross was the first speaker when the food and wine had ministered to our physical comfort. His voice was more like a cello than ever, but the music that came from it was not particularly sweet. With icy contempt he attacked Nye Bevan by inference and by direct accusation. He insisted that the Bevanites were an irresponsible menace not only to Parliament but to the country.

## A Lion

The rest of us who had to make speeches felt that we were merely filling in. Shawcross had deliberately chosen to decry and ridicule one of his own party in the presence of a house of Tories.

When our speeches had come to their inconsequential end the Chairman of the dinner did the only possible thing. He said that we had among our guests a lion accustomed to roar and that, with the permission of the gathering, he would invite the lion to do his stuff.

With much dignity Bevan thanked us for our hospitality. Then, summoning an elaborate courtesy that would not have deceived a Scotland Yard detective, he said: "In the course of his speech Sir Hartley has marked that he would have liked to make a speech on a more political theme. I think I can help Sir Hartley."

Turning directly towards Shawcross he went on: "Why does he not visit the House of Commons sometimes? He could make his speech there. That is what the House of Commons is for."

## Embarrassing

This was a more unkind thrust than may be apparent to you. For reasons difficult to explain Sir Hartley, although still an M.P., has resumed completely to private practice and takes practically no part in the life of Parliament.

But that was only Bevan's beginning. Warning to his task he taunted Shawcross, insulted him, lampooned him and then dismissed him as if he were not worth even contempt. After 20 years in public life I am not easily shocked, but I found the whole thing embarrassing. Certainly Shawcross had asked for it, but Bevan might have made it a duel instead of a brawl.

To my surprise the gathering was with Bevan, although he was behaving like an angry cat. I saw a Tory there looked upon Shawcross as a renegade who joined the Socialists to gain the palm without the dust. Personally, I believe him to be a sincere Socialist, and I had an answer to that. "Now let us keep several years' any walk of life should hesitate

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POCKET CARTOON  
by OSBERT LANCASTERSIR WINSTON CALLED  
IN A GANG-BUSTER

—and he solved the fishpond mystery—

## ROBERT BLAKE on BOOKS

IT was only when he was made head of England's most secret organisation that Sir Percy Sillitoe became really well known to the general public, amid a blaze of publicity. Director of M.I.5 from 1946 to 1953, he buzzed from capital to capital amid a blaze of publicity. He de-

plores this fact in his memoirs. Perhaps he was unlucky, for even in these journalist-ridden days it is not impossible to keep out of the limelight.

Naturally and properly, Sir Percy tells us very little about his work in M.I.5. The obligations of security make revelations impossible. It is therefore difficult to tell how successful he was in his post.

It is true that some of the alarming breaches of security in the cold war occurred during his regime: the cases of Fuchs, Pontecorvo, Burgess and Maclean. But it would be very unfair to blame Sir Percy Sillitoe without far more evidence than can be available at present. He rightly points out the enormous difficulties involved in creating a fool-proof defence against these sinister ideologies.

Nevertheless, he is inclined to oversimplify the issue, when he defends M.I.5 on the ground that Pontecorvo, Burgess and Maclean could only have been imprisoned in a country organised on Nazi or Communist lines and goes on to say:

"I myself would rather see two or three traitors slip through the net of the Security Service than be a party to the taking of measures which would be calculated to result in such a regime."

This is not the point. No one wants to make the liberty of the subject dependent on the whims of M.I.5, but even in our free and easy country there are some alternatives between putting a man in prison and leaving him a position of immense power and responsibility.

What the public has criticised is not failure to arrest Pontecorvo and the missing diplomats, but failure even to suspect them until they actually fled the country.

"Clock Without Dagger," by Sir Percy Sillitoe, with a foreword by Mr. Attlee (Cassell, 15s.).

It is, however, as a Chief Constable that Sir Percy Sillitoe has spent most of his career, and of his success in that field there can be no doubt whatever. He first came into prominence as the man who smashed the gangs which plagued the streets and public houses of Sheffield.

He did this by recruiting and training in jiu-jitsu a special squad of policemen renowned for their size and strength—one of them could hold seven tennis balls in his hand—and instructing them to seize "with reasonable force" any gangster whom they caught breaking the law.

This policy proved so effective that in the end a couple of these policemen had only to enter a public-house for terrified gangsters to remove themselves without even waiting to finish their drinks.

Sir Percy then became Chief Constable of Glasgow—a city which was at this time (1931) riddled with corruption and dominated by street gangs even more brutal than those of Sheffield.

Their murderous brawls were exacerbated by religious feuds, and the "Billy Boys" who were Protestants, held a regular church parade on Sundays and Saints' Days in which they marched through the area occupied by their enemies, the Catholic "Norman Conks," singing provocative songs.

They seldom reached church, indeed, long before that, riot and pandemonium reigned supreme. It was difficult to break these gangs, especially as the leader of the "Billy Boys" was not a criminal in the ordinary sense. In the end he was arrested for the unusual offence of being "drunk in charge of a child"—aged three—whom he insisted on carrying through a riot as a sort of mascot.

Eventually Sir Percy was able to break the Glasgow gangs as effectively as he had broken those of Sheffield. He was also successful in destroying the municipal graft which had become so bad that at one time the Secretary of State for Scotland seriously considered

suspending the Glasgow Corporation and putting a commissioner in its place. This is an enjoyable and readable book. Sir Percy is modest, but it is quite clear that he was responsible for many invaluable innovations, police boxes, refrigerators for corpses, radio-equipped cars to mention but a few. Also he never forgot the importance of looking after the health and welfare of his men from police constables upwards.

After Glasgow he went as Chief Constable to Kent, and had the arduous job of organising the passage of road convoys for D-Day. Crime was, however, less rampant. The most serious was the disappearance of large number of valuable fish from Sir Winston Churchill's ponds at Chartwell. Sir Percy was able to identify the criminal—a heron—and so to assuage the Prime Minister's wrath.

## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT  
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

## HENPECKS' HIDE-OUT

Almost any night at the Hollington Oak pub, three miles from Hastings, England, you can hear the noise. It is like a low wailing, and it comes from a group of men in a corner of the tap-room. Phrases like "threw a rolling pin at me..." and "wouldn't let me go to the football match..." mumble out into the smoky atmosphere.

Above the men is a pin-up of Marilyn Monroe in black lace undies.

The light wailing starts after tea and goes on each night until closing time.

Who are these men? They are members of the exclusive Hollington Oak Henpecks' Club, a society for the protection of husbands against nagging, rolling-pin-throwing wives.

It costs an out-of-favour husband about a penny a week to be a member, and there are stiff fines for slow drinking.

Qualifications for entry: "All candidates must give details of unfair rolling-pin rule to the full satisfaction of experienced President Denny Mitchell."

President Mitchell plans a summer convention of henpecked husbands and will rally them with a cry: "Henpecks of Britain—unite! You've nothing to lose but your ball and chain."

More of tumbling-land medieval England is to get a face lift. It's no great castle this time, but a little pub in Darford, called the Crown and Anchor, that's leaning so far across the High Street it looks like falling any day.

It has stood pretty straight for six or seven hundred years until recently.

And the locals want it restored because apart from being a pleasant place to spend an evening the Crown and Anchor is said to be the home of Wat Tyler, who led the men of Kent in rebellion against King Richard II in 1381.

Tyler (he was called Wat the tiler in those days) got a place in British history for killing a tax collector because he said something rude to his daughter, leading a march on London, burning Southwark Prison, plundering Lambeth Palace, ordering the Archbishop of Canterbury and breaking into the Tower of London.

Tyler never went back to the Crown and Anchor, though. The then Lord Mayor of London knifed him before he could do any more damage.

Half a dozen eligible bachelors started a new job in London this week—picking a new kind of perfume for women. They had to have a nose for expensive perfume, an eye for a pretty figure, be "cultured and alerting."

Said the chief of Belvedere Cosmetics, Walter Beck: "Women buy perfume mainly for the benefit of men."

The bachelors—picked from more than 30 who applied for the guinea-pig job—will be given three different kinds of perfume to try on their girl friends.

A hundred and twenty-five fat men and women had a special meeting at the village of Cavour near Turin last week. Purpose: to have a big lunch.

After 12 underfed-looking men had been weeded out at the special screening by restaurant owner Giovanni Genovesia (238 lbs) for being under the 224 lb minimum, the 125 quickly clean up—hors d'oeuvres of cold salted pork, beef and tongue in jelly; cold roast veal with nutty-fish sauce; Italian salad; asparagus with sauce; Tartare; boiled pig's feet stuffed with walnut meat, mashed potatoes; trout; mixed fry, consommé; roast chicken; roast lamb with more asparagus; fruit salad and a 2 ft high, 3 ft wide cake, plus 12 different kinds of wines, liqueurs and coffee.

Up in Sunderland the younger element generally are no longer content with a "short back and sides" haircut. The young man—about-town now seems to prefer such hair-styles as a "D.A.," "South Bank," "Boston Crew" or "Tony Curtis," which often involve a permanent wave.

Apparently films and TV are dictating men's hair styles to a great extent.

Notable tastes are those acquired by clients from Forces service in Italy where men, particularly in Naples and Rome, like their hair long and curly with a clean cut an inch above the collar—and liberally sprinkled with sweet-smelling oils.

"Perms" for men are also on the increase and many hairdressers have to make a regular study of the new styles to meet the requests of style-conscious clients.

There is, however, a reluctance among many of them to have a "perm" while other customers are about—it is usual for them to make appointments to have it done in the quieter periods of the day, even to the extent of taking an afternoon off work.

A mink's just bit me," complained a woman to the Duty Sergeant at Southsea Central Police Station—and she showed him a nasty bite on her hand. Since women usually wore mink and minks get bitten by the Duty Sergeant asked if she was quite sure. Yes, she was certain. The little thing was meandering along Guildhall Square; it stopped at her feet; she stroked it and it bit her. Besides, a woman ought to know mink.

The Duty Sergeant felt there must be something in it, so armed with the station waste-paper basket, Constable George Rivers was detained for special duty at the last known position of the mink, a semi-aquatic refugee from North America.

Soon he spotted the mink. Like all other mink, it was not amenable to human companions and hastily retreated. Nothing daunted, PC Rivers advanced, the waste-paper basket in front of him ready for the drop. The mink got tired of retreating and advanced, which was its undoing. The constable pounced with a perfectly timed scoop, and freedom for the meandering mink was at an end. Duty done, the constable wrote in the Lost and Found Book: "One mink (live)."

It was, however, soon claimed by Mr. D. J. Taplan, a local mink roundsman who is also an amateur mink breeder. He has 20 of them at his home, some from famous North American strains. In between his daily rounds he tends the mink and checks the condition of the pellets, which are destined for the great fur sorting houses of the world.

THE COOKERY GIRLS TRY  
AN OLD-WORLD COCKTAIL

From EVELYN IRONS

NEW YORK. MORE than 200 "home economists" (domestic science girls to you) held a party in New York which would have staggered their opposite numbers in London.

Most of the elegantly dressed gathering were high-up executives, earning something like \$8,000, \$9,000 or \$10,000 a year working for food firms.

The party was in a luxurious apartment on Park Avenue—an apartment embellished with tapestries and sculptures.

And what did these dietetic expert drink? An old-world concoction.

It was made by soaking a cupful of a fresh herb (sweet woodruff) in a quart of brandy for eight hours; straining and adding six quarts of Rhine wine; pouring into a bowl containing ice; emptying a quart of champagne into the lot; finally decorated with halved strawberries.

This does not serve 200 people—only 24. Quantities were multiplied for the party.

There is going to be a notable addition to Broadway's flamboyant sky signs. It is a monster figure of Marilyn Monroe three stories high, with a non-stop word machine blowing her pleaded skirts.

This will go up next month on the front of a cinema where a film version of the hit play, The Seven Year Itch, in which Marilyn Monroe stars, will be shown.

Every career boy and girl should learn to type—it is essential for most starting jobs if only for writing one's own letters and reports.

That is one from the 10 rules for graduates drawn up by "placement directors" at New York's four municipal colleges who help students to find employment.

Another tip—"Be willing to go where the career is" for office the best openings will be far from home. About 7,000 students graduate each year from the four colleges.

Craziest fashion for years—shoes with four-inch high heels and nothing above the sole but one tiny strap across the toes.

Women totter along Fifth Avenue in these heelless mules like characters from the Mikado.

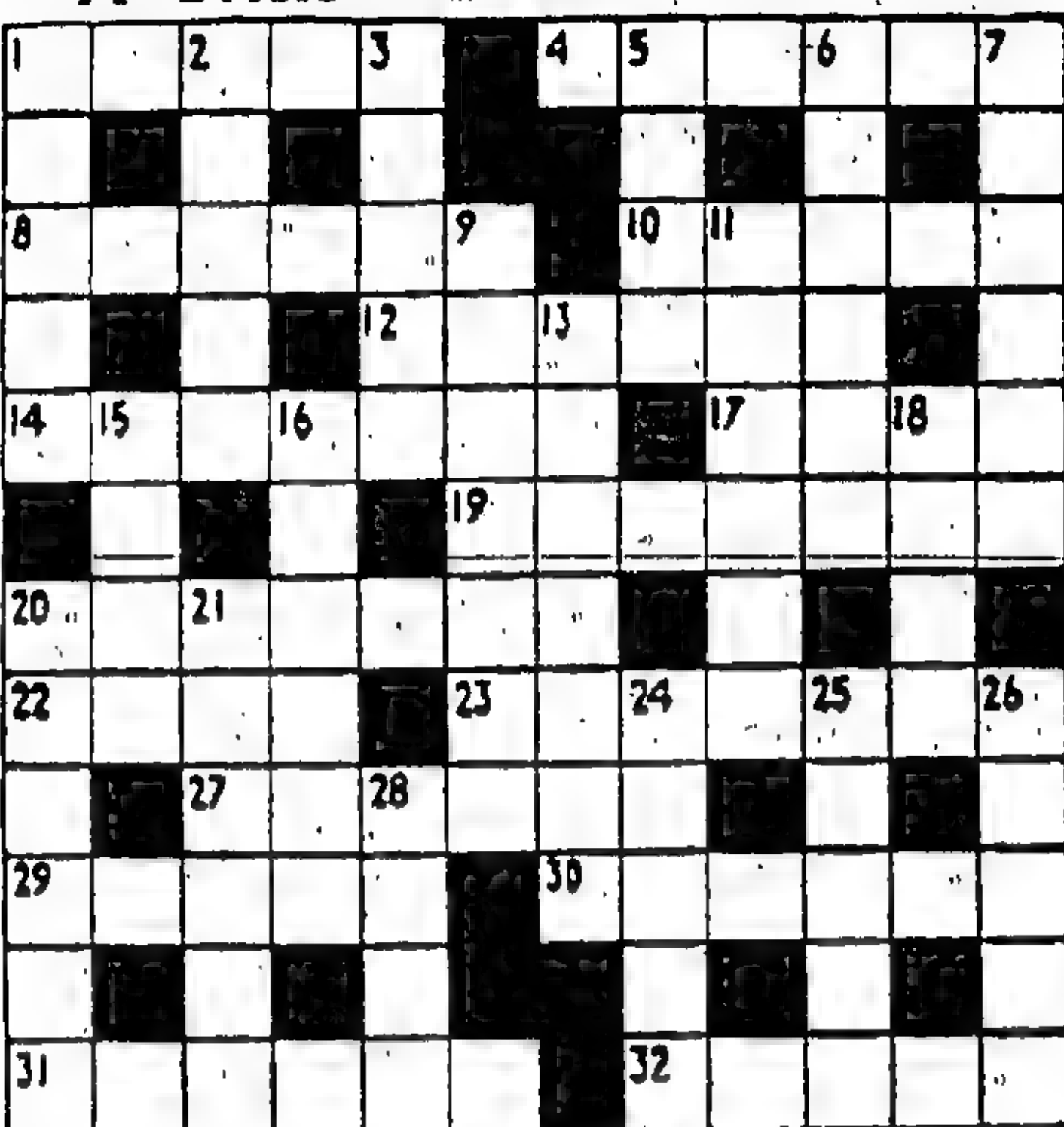
A nutrition specialist, Dr. William Martin of New York, told a conference in California that although Americans are the world's best-fed people they are worse-nourished than the average Europeans.

He said that the poor quality of food produced by soil deficient in minerals and organic matter was further depleted by refinements and processing which remove essential vitamins.

NEW YORK's top photographic model, slim, 5ft. 8in. Jean Patchett—she is paid \$17-17s. an hour—where she is because of a mole at the corner of her right eye.

Advertisers like the mole so much that she now accentuates it with eyebrow pencil when making up.

## A British Crossword Puzzle



## ACROSS

- 1 Pressed (5).
- 4 Assassins (6).
- 8 Siren (6).
- 10 Offspring (5).
- 12 Charge with gas (6).
- 14 Bitter repentance (7).
- 17 Curb (4).
- 19 Street refugees (7).
- 20 Take the chair (7).
- 22 Chase (4).
- 23 Discloses (7).
- 25 Expunge (6).
- 26 Tolerate (5).
- 30 Unruffled (6).
- 31 Inciting (6).
- 32 Find the answer (5).

## DOWN

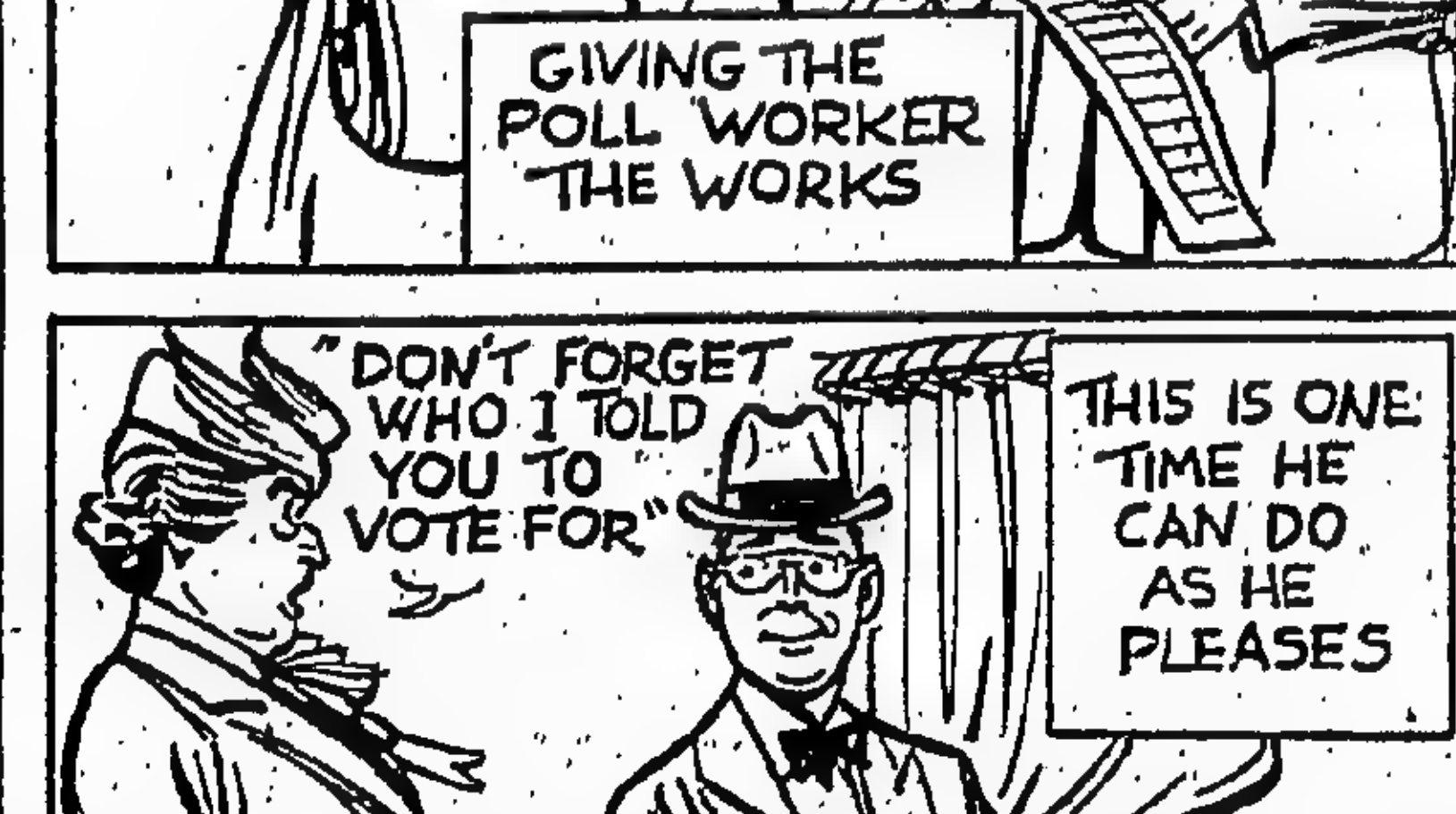
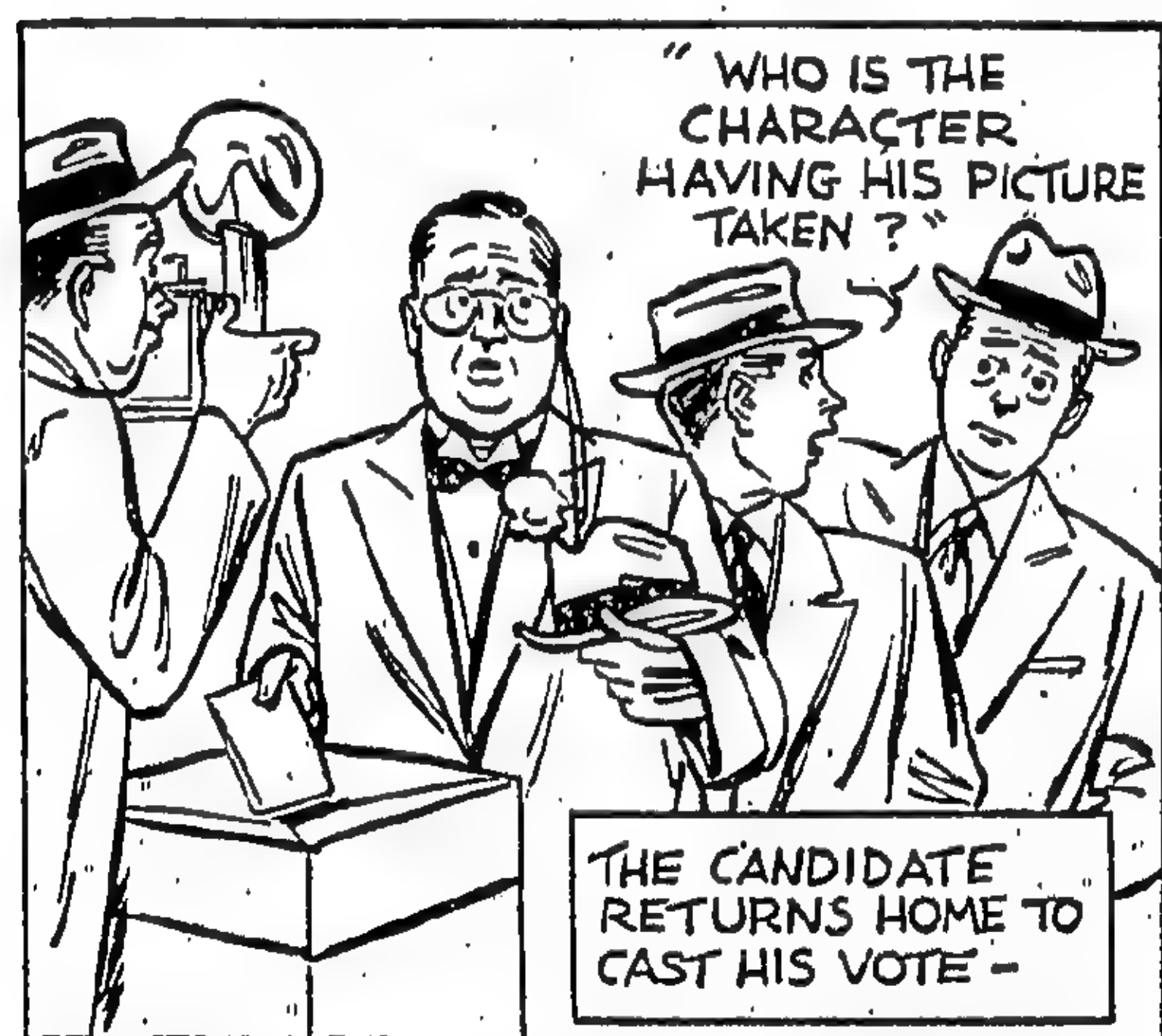
- 1 Show in (5).
- 2 Darkness (5).
- 3 Dismal (5).
- 5 Operatic song (4).
- 6 Not in view (6).
- 7 Bundles of wool? (6).
- 9 Remainder (7).
- 11 Punish, German style (6).
- 13 Feels indignant about (7).
- 15 Colour of unbleached linen (4).
- 16 Ejected (6).
- 18 Object of worship (4).
- 19 Expression (8).
- 21 Finishing (8).
- 24 Changes course (5).
- 25 Perfect (5).
- 26 Vegetable (5).
- 28 Spare (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Spilling, 8 Anon, 9 Retreats, 11 Operated, 13 Dely, 15 Passimes, 18 Detailed, 19 Read, 21 Tolerate, 25 Detailed, 26 Fond, 27 Redolent, Down: 1 Dado, 2 Home, 4 Post, 5 Land, 6 Inane, 7 Gusto, 9 Habit, 10 Tenet, 12 Peace, 14 Fleet, 16 Melon, 17 Saved, 19 Rider, 20 Acted, 21 Till, 22 Lean, 23 Agos, 24 Eddy.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Notes On Votes

BY HARRY WEINERT









SPORTS  
QUIZ

1. When was the last bare-knuckle fight for World Heavyweight boxing title? Who was it between?
2. Who is the odd man out among the following: John J. Lundy, Linda Remington, Fanny Blankers-Koen, Arthur Wint?
3. Who were the "Musketiers" of lawn tennis?
4. On September 1, 1924, a son was born to Mr and Mrs Marchegiano. He is now a world-famous sportsman. How is he better known?
5. Sporting anagrams. Who are LWE AHDO; ODN EKCCLO; GREOR SNEBNITRA; YNTO BRARETT?
6. Who is the World Middle-weight Boxing Champion?
7. Complete these famous partnerships: Louise Brubugh and—; Steve Donoghue and—; Jack Hobbs and—?
8. If Newcastle beat Manchester City in the FA Cup Final they will equal the record of six Final wins. Which two clubs hold the record?
9. Who won the 5,000, 10,000 Metres and marathon events at the Helsinki Olympics?
10. Who won the Men's Singles title at the recent English Open Badminton Championships?

ANSWERS SEE PAGE 17

## HOW TO PLAY BETTER GOLF

Chip To The Hole  
—And Save A Putt

By FRED DALY

If you are good at chip shots you are a danger in any match or tournament.

That gift of chipping up to the hole and turning two shots into one on the green is one of the most valuable weapons in the golfer's armour.

And here's a warning: Many average golfers consistently ruin their chips because they try to force the clubhead. Just take a nice easy swing—and let the club do the work.

Now for some tips on the use of the chipping clubs, including the wedge.

**PITCH AND RUN SHOTS.**—Allow about six yards run-up to the hole with an 8 iron shot. With a 7 iron the run-up should be a yard or two more.

## EASY SWEEP

The complete stroke should be an easy sweep of the club with crisp impact with the ball. The stance is narrow and slightly open with the feet only about six inches apart. The ball

is played off the left foot and should lie some 12 inches from the toe when you line up.

Hold the club four inches from the end of the shaft with your normal grip.

Don't try to apply stop. Make a three-quarter back swing, keep the face of the club true and follow right through.

**"CUT-UP" OR "DEAD" PITCH SHOTS.**—

For these I favour using the wedge.

A common fault that the average golfer makes with the wedge is to play a half-swinged shot with no follow-through.

My advice again is let the club do the job it was designed for.

In contrast to the pitch and run shot, the dead pitch is played off the RIGHT FOOT, so the ball should be about 12ins from the right toe.

The difference between the two strokes is much more marked in the swing.

Take a three-quarter back swing with the wedge OUTSIDE the line of flight and the down swing comes INSIDE the line.

## MAKES IT "BITE"

It is this cross action and the loft of the club which provides the stop and makes the ball bite into the green.

Too many golfers make the mistake of trying to put stop on the ball by opening the club face. This is quite wrong.

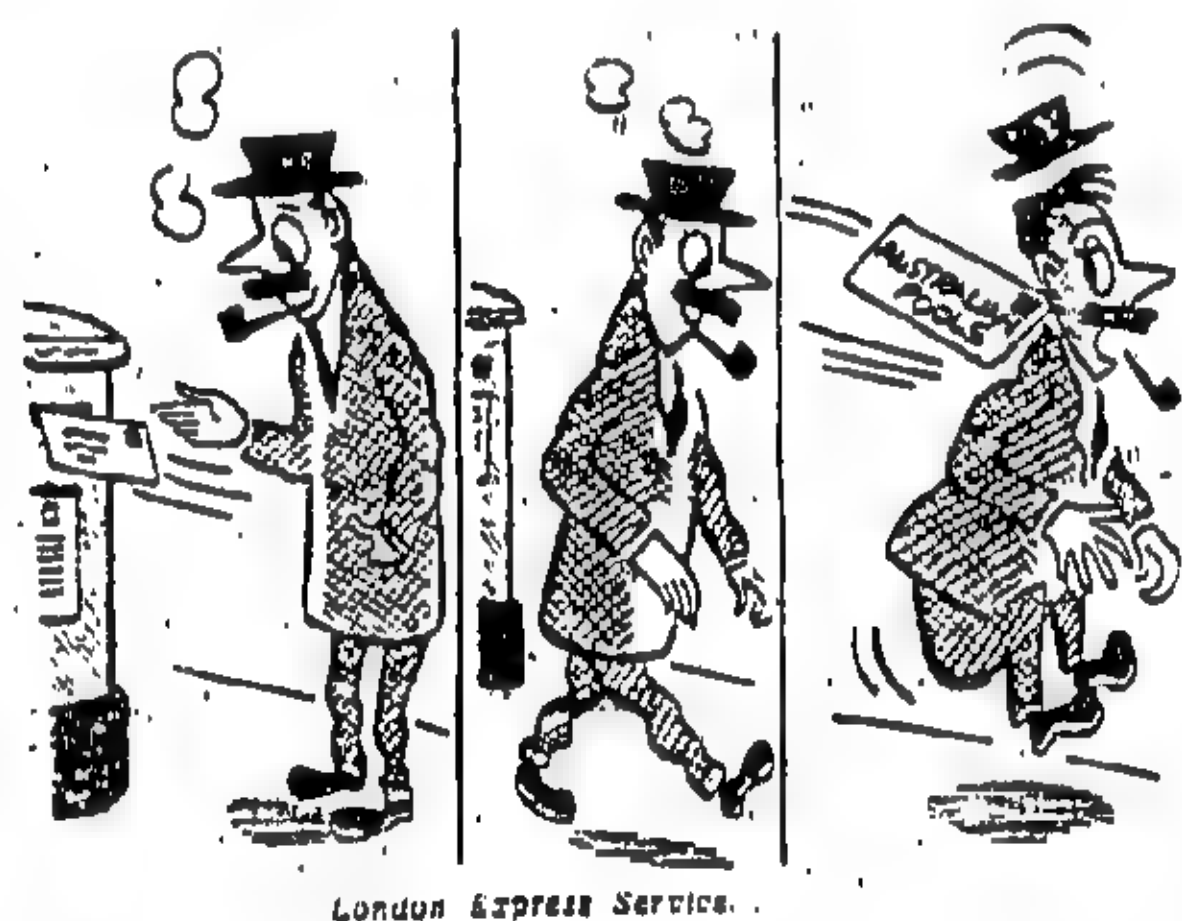
Don't mix pitch and run and wedge chips haphazardly. Use these individual shots according to the playing conditions.

And remember—the success of both depends on the balanced back-swing, the club face being maintained at the true and the follow-through. —London Express Service.

Chelsea Paid Up  
With Pleasure

Peter Sillett has just cost his club, Chelsea, £1,000. But the League Champions paid up with pleasure. When Peter was signed from Southampton two years ago for a £10,000 fee, Chelsea agreed to pay a further £1,000 if and when Sillett was capped for England.

After only five months as a Chelsea regular, and two appearances for Young England, Sillett got that cap, on the FA's Continental tour, when Meadows dropped out through injury. —London Express Service.



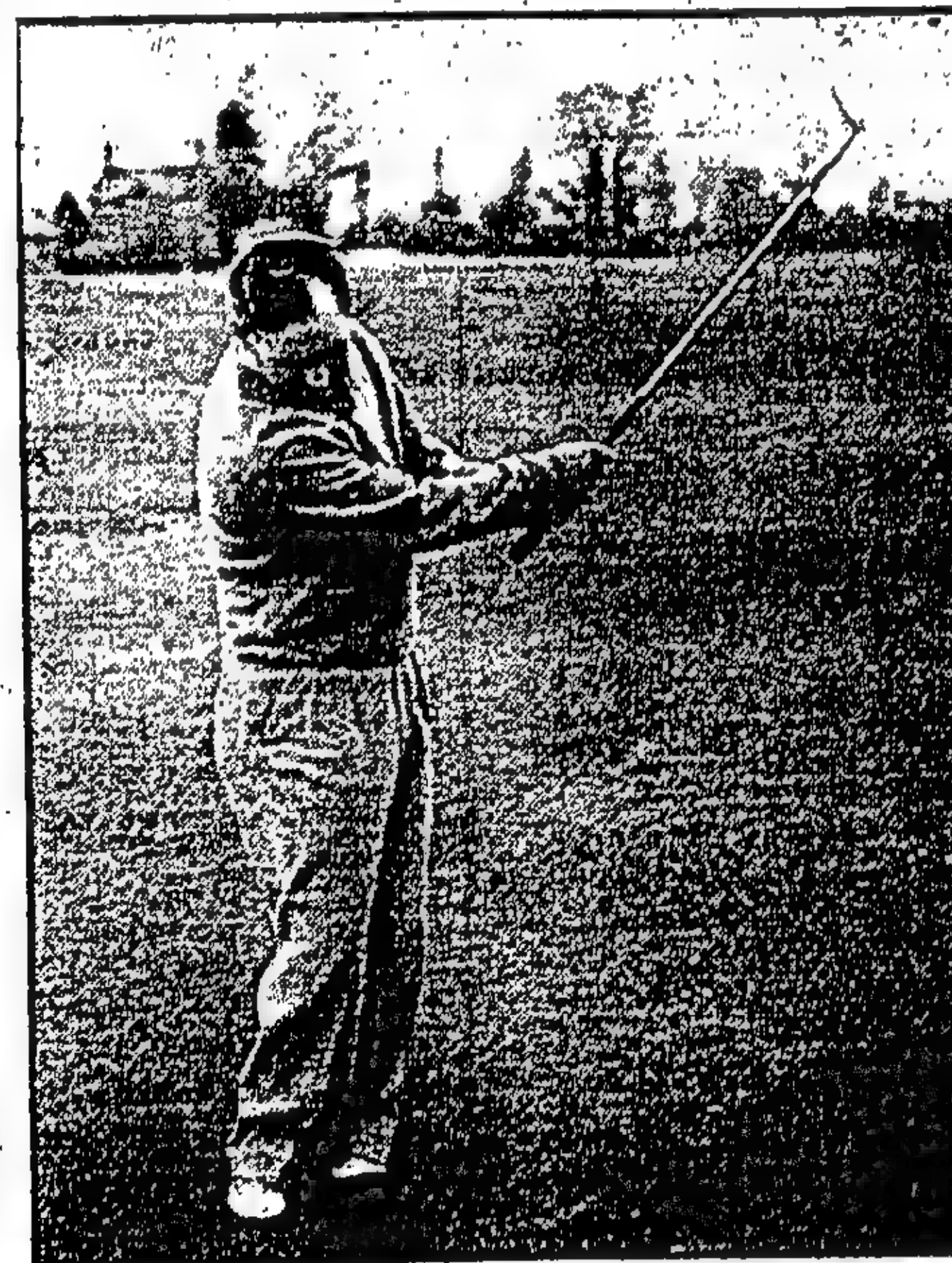
LONDON EXPRESS SERVICE



Stance for a pitch and run.



A "cut-up" shot with a 10 iron. Notice the club face is slightly open.



The follow-through for a "cut-up" shot.

Hungarians For  
British Games

Lajos Szentgali, the European 800 Metres Champion, and Sandor Iháros, who recently set a world record for 3,000 Metres and holds the European record for 1,500 Metres, are in the Hungarian team for the British Games at London's White City during Whitsun.

In the 880 Yards Szentgali will oppose Derek Johnson, the Empire Games Champion. In the Mile, Iháros and Laszlo Tabori will be in opposition to Chris Chataway and Brian Hewson.

—(London Express Service)

## LEAGUE BOWLS

UNBEATEN KCC AND IRC  
"BLUES" MEET AT  
SOOKUNPOO TODAY

By "TOUCHER"

Hitherto unbeaten teams in the Colony Lawn Bowls League — Kowloon Cricket Club and Indian Recreation Club "Blues" in the First Division, Craigengower Cricket Club in the Second Division, and Kowloon Dock, Kowloon Bowling Green Club and Police Recreation Club in the Third Division — will have to prove their full worth this afternoon to maintain their record.

The First Division, at least, will have only one unbeaten team left as the Kowloon Cricket and Indian Recreation Club "Blues" are scheduled to match woods against each other at Sookunpoo.

On the form of previous weeks shown by the two teams there is no doubt that this clash of the two topmost contenders for this year's lawn bowls premier honours will live up to expectations.

The Indians are depending on exactly the same bowlers who have been doing service for them since the beginning of the season. Kowloon Cricket Club, on the other hand are making one positional change to their last week's line-up.

Charles Thompson, erstwhile No. 2 to Bill Hong Sling, goes over to Kermán's rink as lead, and "Red" Symons comes over to fill the gap.

## VERY MUCH BELOW

Although the Indians picked up 4½ points against Craigengower in their last outing, their form as a whole was still very much below what they are capable of. Two weeks of practice might have made a lot of difference to their touch, but this remains to be seen this afternoon.

Their mainland opponents have been playing much more consistent bowls and unless the Indians can produce as high as 80 per cent of their best form, I doubt very much if they could salvage more than one point from this game, despite the fact that they are playing on a home green.

The Indians have the advantage of having more experienced skips all round, but have not been fortunate so far in the matter of support from their frontmen.

For Bill Hong Sling, the Kowloon Cricket Club skipper, at least one fear has been allayed in his side's last two matches—that, newcomer to the rank of Hongkong's first division skips, F. Kermán, has already shown that he is capable of holding more than his own against even the most experienced skips in the Colony.

Champion Recreation "Blues" after an extremely poor start this season, will be afforded the chance to settle down a bit this week-end, having drawn Filipino Club as their opponents.

Lack of practice has been cited as the main reason for their inability to get going, but their trouble seems to be more than that as seen by the reshuffling of their whole line-up for this afternoon's game.

Jackie Noronha has gone to No. 3 to Raoul Luz and C. E. Passos is now entrusted with a rink that has C. Roza Pereira as No. 3 and Joe Luz as lead. Unless this new line-up clicks, the "Blues" are likely to lose down as a team. They have a fairly easy game next week against IRC "Gold" but will be up against the Indians' "Blue" team the week after.

## NOT INCAPABLE

Against a team with an experimental line-up and playing on their home undersized green, the Filipino Club are not incapable of springing some surprises, particularly if L. S. Silva gets some luck with his heavy shots and Dick Basa is in good form with his delicate drawing to the jack. Even a 3-2 defeat would be quite a feat on their part.

Recreation "Whites", after three successive defeats, may get some breaks this afternoon when they are at home to Craigengower who will be without Joe Landolt. Joe goes on leave this afternoon by the "Victoria" and his departure has made it necessary for George Souza to step

into the breach and at least two rinks to be reconstituted.

The new rink with Souza as skip may be the weak link for lack of having played together, but both Coates and Bradbury's rinks look strong enough to carry the Valley club to a 4-1 if not 5-0 victory.

Joe Landolt was the guest of a good crowd of Craigengower bowlers at a dinner party on Thursday night to bid him bon voyage and good bowling in the Explan Cup should be chosen to skip the Hongkong side.

There is no doubt that Joe has been a controversial figure in local lawn bowls, but after all lawn bowls would be a dull sport were it not brightened by such colourful personalities. As one of the best bowlers in the Colony and as a brightening feature in all matches in which he took part he will be sorely missed this season.

## FARTHER AFIELD

Incidentally it is learnt that in addition to playing at Wanstead in the Explan Cup, a Hongkong side will this year also venture a little farther afield to play against the reputed Surrey team.

The Hongkong team has not been chosen yet, but in George Norman, Joe Barman, Bill Simpson and Joe Landolt, Hongkong will probably have one of its strongest rinks ever in England.

The remaining First Division match between Kowloon Bowling Green Club and IRC "Gold" has its own attraction, in that the Bowling Club, after their brilliant 4-1 triumph over Recreation "Blues" last week, are also in a strong challenging position this season. A 5-0 win, and a likely one too, will boost up their prospects considerably.

Main match of the Second Division is that between Kowloon Cricket Club and the unbeaten Craigengower squad at Cox's Road. This should be an evenly-matched game with the odds slightly in favour of the Valley club. Both Robert Tay and H. Randall are expected to lead their rinks through, and whether the visitors will win by 4-1 or lose by 3-2 will depend largely on George Madar and his men.

Kowloon Dock Club, still regarded as the top favourites for the Second Division title, put full penalty for over-confidence last week when they lost to a captivated Talkoo side by 4-1.

Conspicuously missing among them then was skip Willie McCall whose place was taken by Kennedy. They would probably have come out victors had they shifted Davidson to skip against Kinniburgh.

As it was, the big lead enjoyed by Kinniburgh enabled Willy Brown to play a fine tactical game of just holding his own against Elliott who was forced to go on the offensive whenever he had the chance to help cover the other rink.

## NOT AGAIN

They will probably not drop into the same pitfall again this afternoon against Hongkong Cricket Club, who already had a 5-0 victory over the powerful Hongkong Football Club to their credit.

The dockmen will be playing on their home green, but the cricketers are playing in top form at the moment and although I think the hosts are good enough for four points, an upset is not unlikely if the visitors can reproduce that same form they showed against the Football Club.

Talkoo, fielding a stronger team this week-end, should have matters much their own way against the Filipino Club, but Hongkong Football Club may meet with some opposition from USRC, particularly the rinks skipped by G. Agnew and R. M. Hetherington.

The Third Division games should see Kowloon Dock Club increasing their lead at the top of the League table with a more than probable 5-0 win over KCC.

Second-placed Kowloon Bowling Green Club and third placed Police Recreation Club, both unbeaten so far, may either or both have their winning streaks checked.

The Bowling Club will find themselves against worthy opponents in Hongkong Electric, who already have one bottle of whisky to their credit. As an erstwhile Second Division team, the Bowling Club hold a slight edge which should bring them through with four points.

Police will also probably scrape through against the Prison Officers' Club to preserve their unbeaten record.

## WORTH CONSIDERING

Last week I remarked on some of the duties of the various bowlers in a rink and from reports received during the week there was at least one which bore out my contention that a great number of bowlers playing in the League still do not fully understand these.

One skip told me that his opposing No. 2 played a great part in his victory especially during the crucial stages of the game when every direction of the No. 3 or the shot played by the skip evoked better suggestions from him on every occasion.

It would not be a bad suggestion if the Lawn Bowls Association could secure or have printed copies of the "Etiquette of Lawn Bowls" and have these distributed to all League and Championship participants.

One point which comes up for discussion this week is regarding the position of the No. 3 on the green when an end is being played.

Hongkong will probably again participate in the next Empire Games at Cardiff where the game will be played according to the laws of the International Bowling Board.

Unlike the laws of the game as exist in Australia, the IBB laws allow the No. 3 to remain with the skip when the No. 1 and No. 2 bowl their woods. The Hongkong rink had very little practice of this before they went to Vancouver last year, and it is suggested that the sooner we adopt this practice here, the more accustomed we can get to it.

## TODAY'S GAMES

## First Division

IRC "Blues" v. KCC  
FC v. Recreation "Blues"  
Recreation "Whites" v. CCC  
KBGC v. IRC "Gold"  
PRC (bye)

## Second Division

KCC v. CCC  
TC v. FC  
USRC v. HKFC  
KDC v. HKCC  
PRC (bye)

## Third Division

KCC v. KDC  
FC v. HKFC  
KBGC v. HKRC  
POC v. PRC  
USRC (bye)

DEATH  
TO ALL  
COCKROACHES

I am a KILLER!

let me clear  
your home of  
pests that crawlSHELL COCKROACH KILLER  
NOW CONTAINS DIELDRIN!  
SHELL'S WONDER INSECTICIDE.

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\* Shell's new wonder insecticide acclaimed by Public Health Authorities throughout the world.

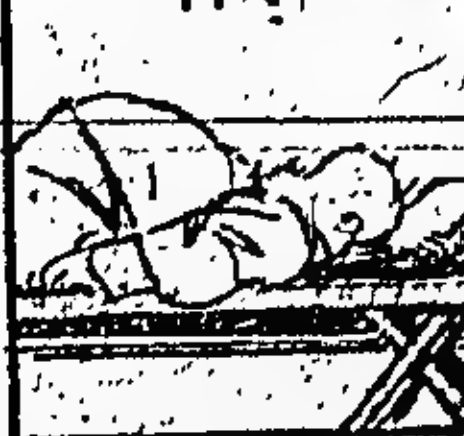
Kill them  
for sure withAnd by the way my twin  
sister KILLS flying PESTS!

## POP

YOU SAY YOU KEEP  
DREAMING YOU'RE  
IN A SINKING  
SHIP?



YES IT'S  
FRIGHTENING.  
WHAT SHALL  
I DO ABOUT  
IT?

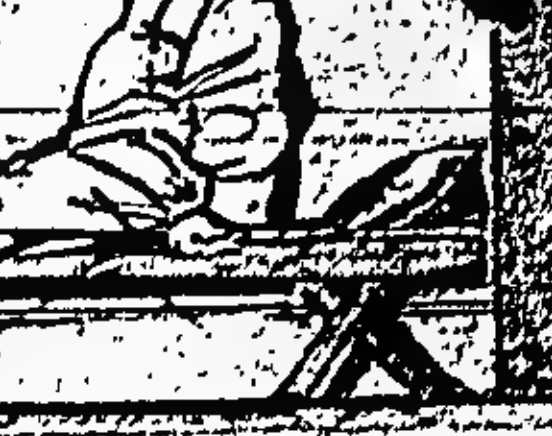


LEARN  
HOW TO  
SWIM!



## Physical wreck

Yes



## CALEY

make  
wonderful  
chocolates



## IT TOOK A LOT OF PEDALLING



Cpl. Ron Beck of Pegasus CC invites clubmate Hoard to take a mouthful of cheer out of the South China Morning Post Cup which he won for the fastest aggregate time in the NTACA 25, 50 and 100 miles cycling Time Trials in the past season. Picture was taken at the presentation at the NAAFI Club on Thursday evening.—China Mail Photo.

## From Ditch Digging To Heavyweight Champion, That's Rocky Marciano

From the digging of ditches and the laying of gas mains in the Municipality of Brockton Massachusetts, to the Heavyweight Boxing Championship of the world is quite a step.

When your name is Rocco Marchegiano—Rocky Marciano to you—and you have out of 48 professional fights since 1947 won just that number, including five in the defence of your world title, 40 inside the distance, eleven in the first round, one could reasonably doubt, the wisdom or the need to have ever dug ditches or laid gas mains.

Indeed, a fair assumption, is that the managerial moguls of the United States were either misinformed or not informed at all of the pugilistic ability of the young Marchegiano at the time he was engaged in the exhilarating occupation of keeping the streets of Brockton well supplied with all mod. con.

Truth, however, as the old saying goes, will out: it came in a letter from one Al Colombo, to Al Weill, the then match-maker for the International Boxing Club of New York. Mr Colombo went to great detail to explain that his buddy next door, was the "best Heavyweight prospect you ever saw."

Having through the bespectacled but expert eyes of trainer Charlie Goldman established the fact that Rocco Marchegiano had a big strong body and a man's size punch, the astute Mr Weill indicated with commendable celerity that Rocco should sign on the dotted line of a professional contract.

So Rocky Marciano was born. Born to be "King of the Heavyweights," the first white man to win the Heavyweight Championship of the world since Jim Braddock.

**13TH ROUND KNOCKOUT**  
It was in September 1952 that Marciano achieved that end with a 13th round knockout over Jersey Joe Walcott.

Challengers, including Walcott, Roland La Starza and Ezzard Charles (twice) duly came, saw and were conquered. Then one day last year, with the British and Empire titles to substantiate his claim the son of a Battersea blacksmith who by dint of much punching and counter-punching had graduated to the dignity of a Sussex farmer, decided the time was ripe for an Englishman to invade the shores of America for the purpose of wrestling from Marciano's grasp that Heavyweight crown.

The temerity of Don Cockell was greeted with laughter, and

scuffing on the United States side of the Atlantic.

Cockell duly landed to be labelled "Futo," and "The Waist of Time."

He prepared to meet the Champion in an atmosphere of mistrust, with protest and counter-protest being bundled about in the San Francisco air.

Then last Monday evening in the Kezar Stadium, 30-year-old Marciano and 26-year-old Cockell stepped into the ring to do battle.

### COCKELL DEFEATED

Cockell was defeated. He left San Francisco with the cheers of the crowd still ringing in his ears, cheers for his dogmatic courage, and having earned the respect of the Champ himself.

But gallant though Cockell was he, and all Britain learned, many of us for the first time, just how tough, how brutal a Champion this Marciano is.

To take on Marciano is like getting tangled up in a windmill swivel. Those snarling, swinging, clubbing blows are something no man on earth has yet been able to counter. You might just as well swap punches with the Empire State Building. He is the Rock, on which Aussie hopes from Brockton to Battersea have floundered.

Marciano knows all the tricks. Against Cockell he butted with his head, swung low punches, hit after the bell. But then, as he fights, he probably remembers those days as Rocco Marchegiano the digger of ditches and layer of gas pipes.

He knows no other way. And the no-foul rule and other niceties of boxing in the United States legalise his every action.

Outside the ring Rocky is the nicest fellow one could wish to meet. Inside it he is the fighter with teeth bared. His is a naked fury. He asks no quarter and gives none. He is the Champ. And he means to stay that way.

(—London Express Service)

## IT'S HIGH TIME THE IDEA OF COVERING WICKETS DURING RAIN BE ACCEPTED

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

A lot of headline space has been taken up during the last few days by the spate of falling wickets — telling the stories of the phenomenal bowling returns of Tony Lock, Johnny Wardle, Brian Statham, Frank Tyson, Allan Moss, Vic Jackson, Jack Walsh and many others. County sides galore seem to have been routed for a hundred runs or less.

Now I'm not against anyone getting headlines. Good luck to them. But is this the kind of cricket spectators want? Do they really get what they pay to see when the ball digs in to rain-ruined turf and flies off at such alarming angles that good batsmen and bad are brought down to the same level and luck, rather than skill, determines their score?

Every man has his own idea about these things, and as a bowler I don't suppose I should be grumbling. But quite honestly I don't think the conditions of the past two weeks have made for good cricket. We have had freak cricket instead, and I have become more convinced than ever that it is high time the idea of covering wickets during rain was accepted in England.

I know the die-hards will stick their chests out and insist through thick and thin that nature is an essential part of this great game of ours. I agree—in theory. But nature has been over-playing her hand in recent weeks and neither players nor spectators have had good value.

If you remember, the die-hards swore that Australia's decision to cover wickets during last winter's Tests would ruin the series. But it didn't. There has never been a better or a brighter lot of matches. The wickets were prepared properly to give a reasonable balance between bat and ball; after that, it was the skill of the one against the other that decided the battle.

The wickets had enough pace in them to let a batsman make strokes; but they also had enough life to enable a bowler to beat the bat, if he had either the pace or the spin to warrant it. The net result was that the spectators had all the excitement of finely-fought games.

Last week-end the rains gave us an absolute pudding of a

pitch at Nottingham when the South Africans played there. Bowlers could get nothing out of it, and the poor batsmen were slow hand-clapped because the ball came on to the bat so slowly that they just couldn't get it away.

I'm not holding any brief for myself. I bowled as badly as I ever remember. I just couldn't pitch the ball on a length. But my point still holds—for if we had had a reasonably paced pitch to play on, I would have been punished as severely as my bad bowling deserved. As it was, I escaped lightly and it was the poor tourists who were lambasted by the critics.

### LAND OF SUMMER RAIN

So my plea in this land of summer rain is... why not give covered wickets a try? Let's experiment one season to see if it will provide more and better cricket. After all, big cricket today is still meant to be a spectacle; those who play are entertainers and the public who put their shillings down at the turnstiles should have every consideration. They should be guaranteed as far as possible as good a duel between bat and ball as can be provided. The freak results fill that bill; I don't think so.

My impression of the South Africans, after playing against them and abating with them, is that they are as pleasant a bunch of cricketers as one could ever wish to meet. They have been badly shocked by the severity of the weather, especially at Derby where there was ice on the pitch in the mornings and sleet in the half-gale of wind which swept across the field. What they ask as the moment is some reasonable warmth and an occasional sight of the sun.

I sympathise with them whole-heartedly. For although I at least should be acclimatised by this time, I still feel the cooling winds of the first month of cricket in England and day after day I wonder why there couldn't be a later start, and finish to the English season. My friends were so sold last Saturday that my fingers hardly felt the ball; and the South Africans all needed hand massage wherever they reached the pavilion.

All this makes it difficult to give any accurate assessment

of the true ability of Jack Cheetam's team. There is no doubt at all that they have a tough struggle before them. A bad start takes a lot of getting over. And until their feilding clicks into the quality it apparently reached in Australia, they will certainly be struggling. To rattle England, they will have to hold half-chances as well as easy ones.

As for their pace-bowling, no speed bowler can do his best on a wet pitch on a three-sweater day. But I have been impressed by Hugh Tayfield, their tall, accurate, off-spin bowler. And I was impressed, too, by Ian Smith, their leg-spinner. As a kindred spirit in the craft of leg-spin, I watched him closely and thought he pitched the ball with astonishing accuracy in tricky conditions.

I don't think he packs a googlie—I didn't see one—but he bowls the type that hurries straight through with admirable deception. If Smith can find his best form, he might trouble several of England's batsmen—who don't like this kind of stuff.

### COACHING HINT

This is the time of year when the batsmen must be warned. Have you been caught at slip or cover too often? Then check on how well you get your foot across to your off-side shots. When you are a little stiff, and not quite in full practice, it is the commonest thing in cricket to find your foot going straight down the pitch—instead of across to the off-side—as you make your off-side shot. So get across—and keep bat and pad together.

### Sammy McCarthy Turns Promoter

Sammy McCarthy, the smiling Stepney (London) featherweight boxer, has squashed rumours that he intends to retire from the fight (time by forming a limited company to "promote boxing and other contests"). He has £100 capital in £1 shares.

(—London Express Service)

## Answers To Sports Quiz

1. In 1889 when John L. Sullivan beat Jake Kilrain over 75 rounds.
2. John Landy, all the others have won Olympic titles.
3. Jean Borotra, Henri Cochet, René Lacoste and Jacques Brugnon, who won the Davis Cup for France from 1927-33.
4. Rocky Marciano, World Heavyweight Boxing Champion.
5. Lew Hoad; Don Cockell; Roger Bannister; Tony Trabert.
6. Carl "Bobo" Olsen of America.
7. Louis Brough and Margaret Du Pont; Steve Donoghue and Brown Jack; Jack Hobbs and Herbert Sutcliffe.
8. Aston Villa and Blackburn Rovers.
9. Emil Zatopek.
10. Wong Peng-soon of Malaya.

## Spare A Thought For The Cricket Captains Of Hampshire And Kent

By ARCHIE QUICK

Spare a thought for the cricket captains of Hampshire and Kent. The one, Desmond Eagar, of Hampshire, is over-burdened with bowling riches; the other, Douglas Wright, looks in vain even for an opening bowling partner for Fred Ridgway now that Ray Dovey has retired from the county game.

Kent's resources have never been in such a parlous state although they have sunk their pride and for the first time in their illustrious history have imported "foreign" players. In addition, they have lost Colin Cowdrey to the Royal Air Force. Shades of the days of Blythe and Fairservice, Fielder and Freeman. How Frank Woolley must grieve from his seat in the stand.

Compare all this with the fortunes of Hampshire, whose attack is such that they could afford to leave out Vic Cannings from the opening game against Glamorgan.

Cannings took his 100 wickets last season and so too did his partner, Derek Shackleton. But challenging them for places are two 20-year-old spinners, Peter Sainsbury and Malcolm Burden. There is also young Michael Heath already in the team and Frank Pittman on the fringe of it, together with George Horton Jack-Gray and Jimmy Dare can also assist with the bowling. In fact, half a dozen men fighting for four places.

**A FRESH WIND**  
No wonder skipper Eagar chuckles, welcomes the competition and says: "It is like a fresh wind blowing through the county. Former stalwart Alec Kennedy says Hampshire has never been so strong as when he used to open the attack with Jack Newman.

There was one curious feature about the Hampshire

Glamorgan match at Southampton. Glamorgan captain Wilfred Wooller had a good look at the wicket after he had won the toss and decided to bat. He then saw the spinners, Sainsbury and Burden, shoot out his side for 68. But he did not put his own spinners on until 40 had been scored, and he himself had been hit for 13 in one over. An unusual error of judgment by this shrewd Match Selector too!

To balance Hampshire's joy in bowling strength is the sobering thought that this is to be opening batsman Neville Rogers' last season. Although he is due for a lucrative business appointment and will get a testimonial instead.

Fortunate are Hampshire that they have obtained the West Indian, Roy Marshall, to take his place, but Rogers will be sadly missed. There have been times, many of them, when he has been the only batsman to obtain runs.

## WHAT!

ALEC

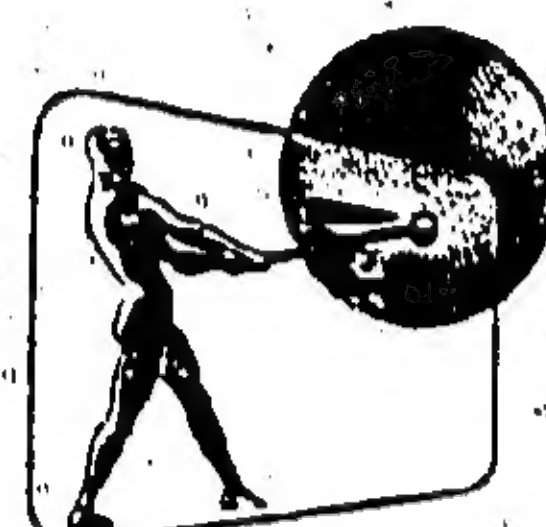
AS A COLONEL?

AND IN

PARIS WITH ODILE?

BUT NO!

BUT YES!!



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There is nothing fore-ordained, or inevitable about Tuberculosis. It is caught, not inherited. No amount of poverty, starvation or squalor can cause Tuberculosis in the absence of T.B. germs — no amount of riches, education or social position can guarantee protection in the presence of T.B. germs.

We can all help cut down the threat of Tuberculosis and the sorrow it causes in this Colony by supporting the Hong Kong Anti-Tuberculosis Association which is dedicated to the task of combatting Tuberculosis and has as one of its primary objectives, the provision of more hospital accommodation so that the sick can be cured and the germ carriers isolated.

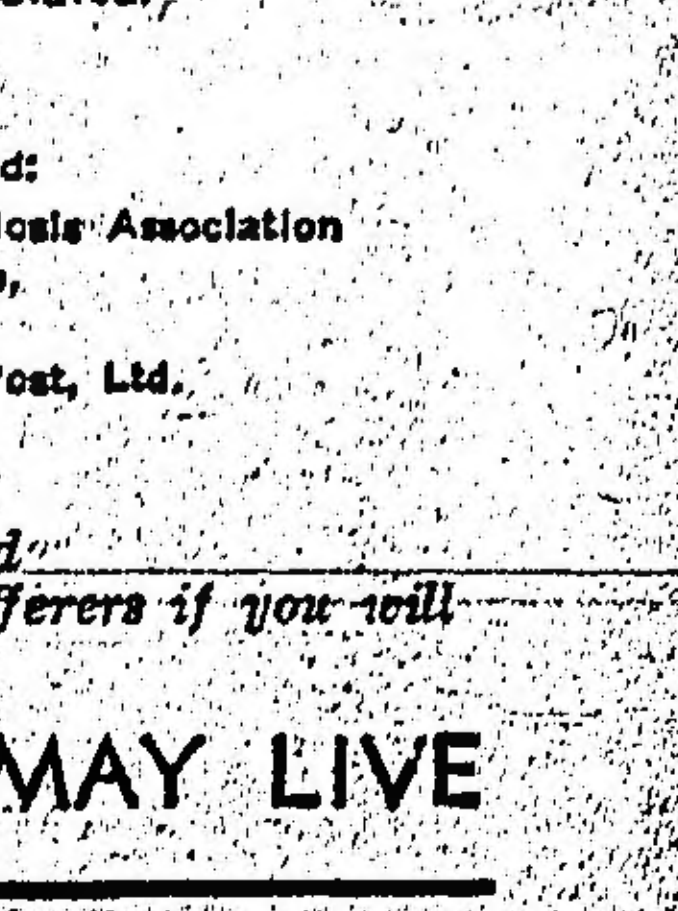
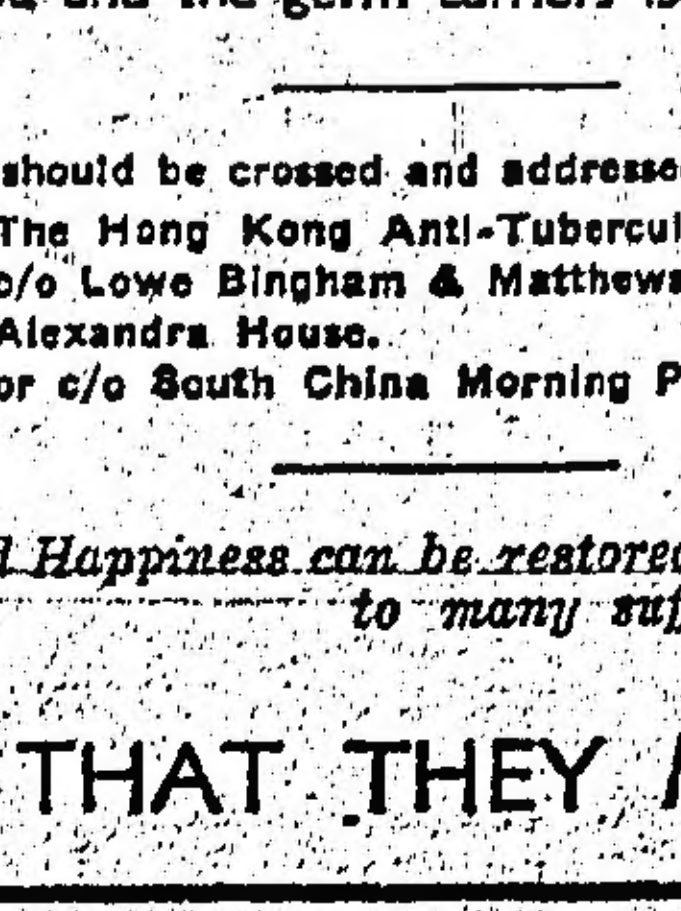
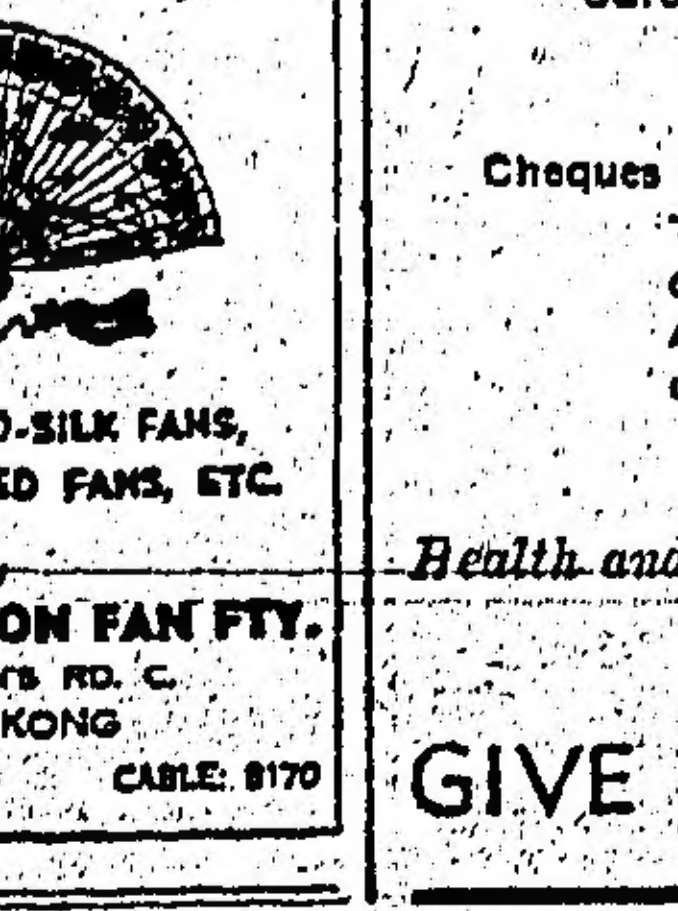
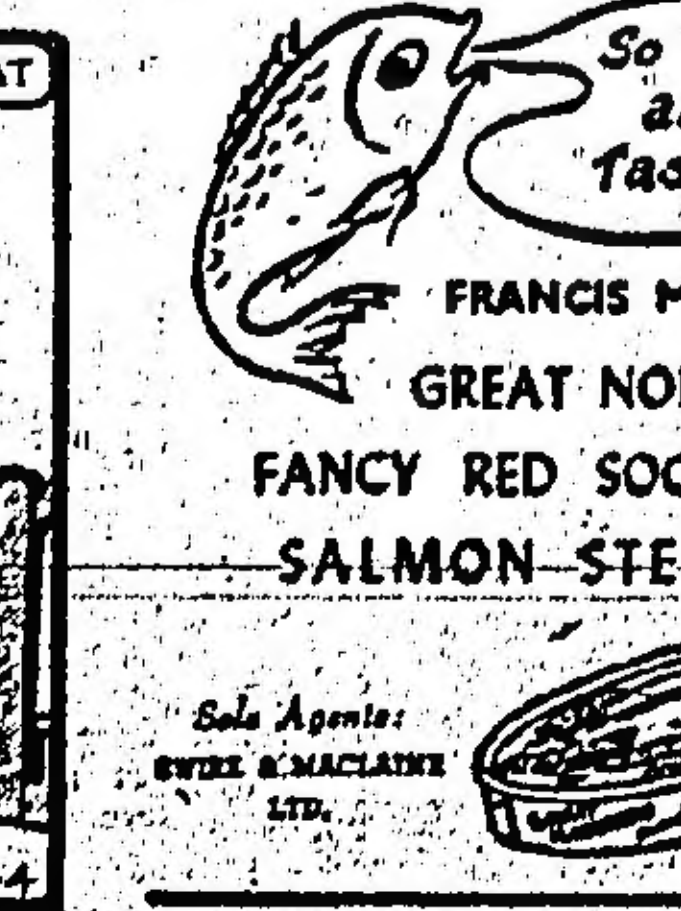
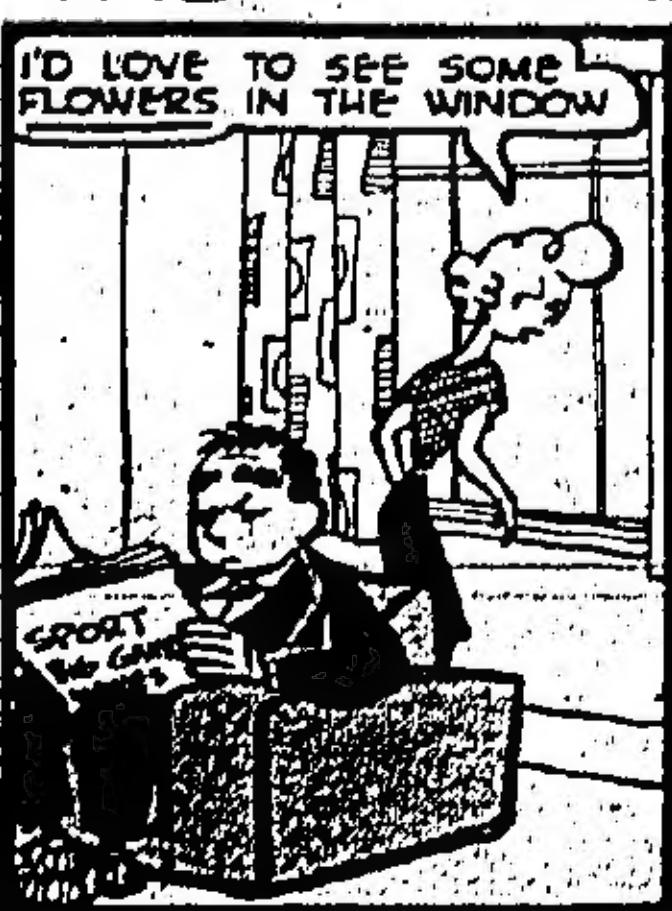
Cheques should be crossed and addressed: The Hong Kong Anti-Tuberculosis Association c/o Lowe Bingham & Matthews, Alexandra House, or c/o South China Morning Post, Ltd.

Health and Happiness can be restored to many sufferers if you will

GIVE THAT THEY MAY LIVE

## THE GAMBOLS.

by Barry Appleby



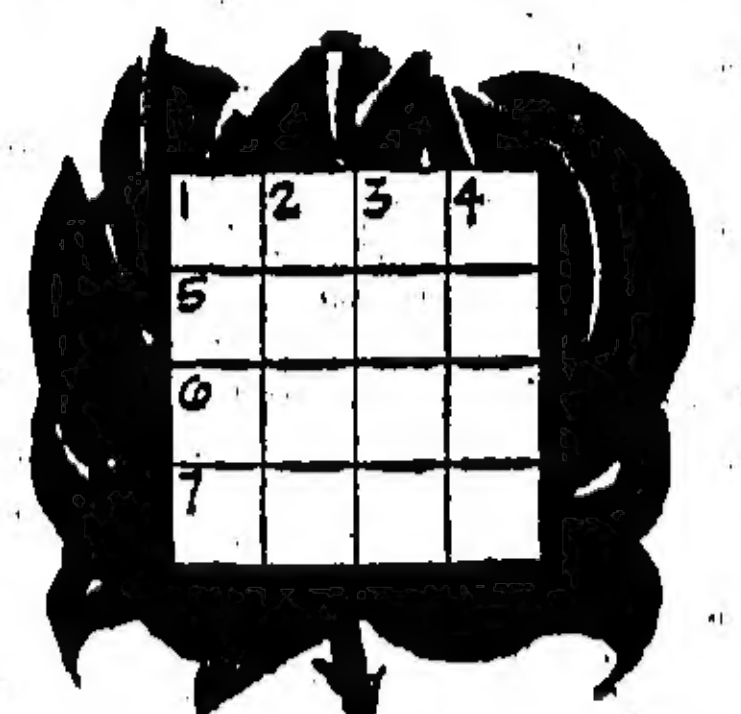


# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### CROSSWORD

Today's crossword puzzle is placed on the silhouette of a flower. You will find the four kinds of flowers hidden in the rebus.



- ACROSS**
- Flower.
  - Norse god.
  - Body of water.
  - Units of energy.
- DOWN**
- Stout card.
  - Smell.
  - Warble.
  - Concludes.

### FLOWER GIRLS

When you rearrange the letters, you'll find a flower that is also a girl's name. Each line.

ILLY  
SORE  
SAI DY  
SNAPY  
EVIL TO  
SIR I

### FLOWER MIX-UPS

These three flowers will reveal themselves if you rearrange the letters in each strange line correctly.

GRAB TOME  
PEARL USA  
STUN RUT AIM

### FLOWERY REBUS

If you use the words and pictures to full advantage, you'll easily find the four kinds of flowers hidden in the rebus:



### DIAMOND

PANSIES provided a nice clue for the diamond. The second word is "to dance step", third "trousers", fifth "fence steps", and sixth "to observe". Complete the diamond:

P  
A  
N  
S  
I  
E  
S

(Solutions on Page 20)

## "KETTLE" PROVES TO BE ANCIENT HEAD

By R. S. CRAGGS

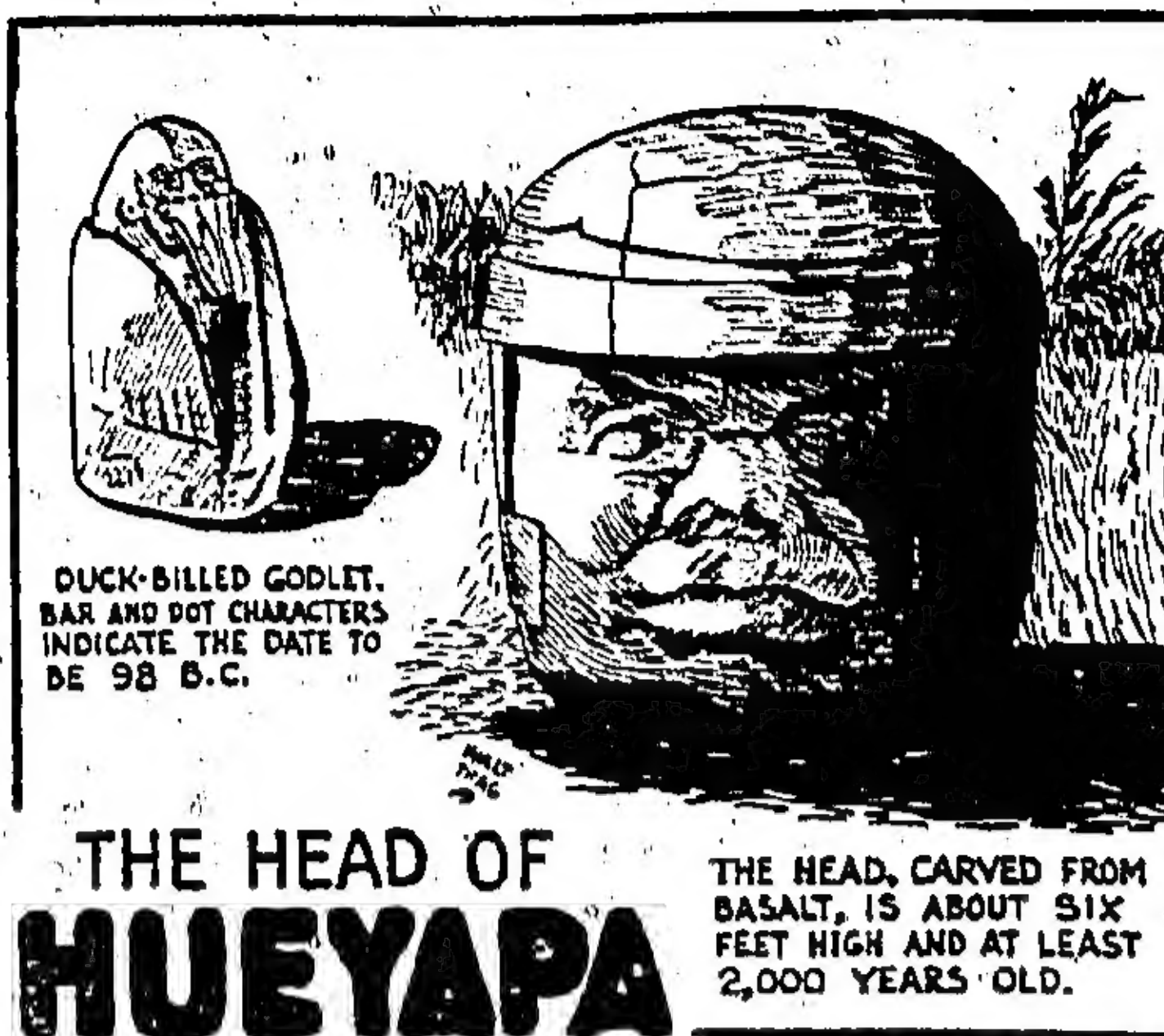
AS long ago as 1858 a patch of jungle growth near Hueyapa, in the state of Vera Cruz, Mexico, found what appeared to be the bottom of a very large kettle protruding from the soil. Hoping that it might contain buried treasure, the landowner and some of the workers began to excavate it.

They progressed only far enough to see that it was an enormous head carved from basalt, then they gave up in disgust. It was not until 1939 that an expedition sponsored by the National Geographic Society of America and the Smithsonian Institution uncovered the head completely.

### 2,000 YEARS OLD

The carving is a relic of the Maya civilization in an area where this early race had not previously been known to exist. By all reliable accounts it is at least 2,000 years old. Its approximate height is six feet, its circumference is 18 feet and it weighs only 10 tons!

Furthermore, it is 10 miles from Mount Tuxtla,



THE HEAD OF HUEYAPA

where the quarry is located, and was carried that distance, including the passing of a 30-foot-deep gorge, without, presumably, either the aid of a beast of burden or a wheel. (Excavations in the area, however, have revealed that the natives had knowledge of the wheel, incorporating it in their pottery figures, even if they never actually used this method of conveyance).

Oddly enough, the features of the head are more like those of a Negro than an Indian. Before the recent excavation began it was not known in what position the body was depicted. After completely uncovering the head, the diggers found out that there was no body. The head rests on unshaped stones on a clay bed. The ground is of an extremely swampy nature and every time

it rained, which was often, the excavation had to be "bailed out" for it was impossible to drain.

The uncovering of the head was not the sole result of the expedition, of course. Many other discoveries were made during the months spent in the region; several of them were important enough to throw new light upon the entire history of man as he lived before Cortez came to these shores over 400 years ago.

The stamp is printed by the "engraved" process, is perforated 13½ and costs 8d. in London.—J.A.A.

## GARDEN OF EDEN IN NIGERIA?

IN comes a new stamp from Nigeria showing a bronze mask made by the people of Ife.

This town is the seat of Alaremi, the Oni of Ife—spiritual leader of Nigeria's 4,000,000 Yoruba people. And one of the things he claims to rule over is the Garden of Eden!

What ever the rest of the world may say, these Nigerians have no doubt that the actual site of the Garden of Eden is where the town of Ife now stands.

A miniature pyramid marks Adam's grave and leader Alaremi is described by his followers as a direct descendant of Adam.

But aren't we all? The stamp is printed by the "engraved" process, is perforated 13½ and costs 8d. in London.—J.A.A.



## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, MAY 28

BORN today, you have a mind that operates at top speed at all times. Your enemies may indict you for being an opportunist, but actually you are ambitious and are quick to seize opportunity. You are impatient for success and will work hard to achieve your desires. Since your intuitions are keen and you have learned to act upon them instantly, you are often way out ahead of your nearest competitor. It is likely, also, that your vivid dreams might become a guide for you often work out problems in your subconscious while asleep.

You have a strong emotional nature and are demonstrative in showing your affections. Your home and family are of the utmost importance and your loyalties to your own kin are intense. Your home is likely to become the centre of your social life. You prefer entertaining at home, rather than "going out on the town."

Fortunately, you have a great deal of confidence in your own ability, for there may be alternating cycles of good and bad fortune. You feel, if things are against you, it is only temporary and things are bound to change.

Among those born on this date are: Sir Thomas Moore, poet; William A. Buckingham, early Connecticut governor; Amelia J. Bloomer, reformer; Louis Agassiz, naturalist; Avery Hopwood, playwright.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MAY 29

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—If you are returning from out of town, make an early start and keep out of heavy traffic.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Not the best day this month! However, you can circumvent trouble if you are patient and careful.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A visit into the country will enlarge your outlook on life and bring pleasure, as well.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—There should be fine weather, which will permit you to be outdoors and get some fresh air.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If you have a long week-end and can celebrate, this may be a fine time to do it.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Friends can prove a rare joy today. You might wish to extend the circle of your acquaintance.

BORN today, you possess magnetism and personal charm which are two things that will see you through when it appears that almost everything else might fail. You have the ability to sway the opinions of others; your gift of argument is strong and your forensic power considerable.

You are fond of people and like to go out in society, but in addition to having a gay time you want to be with those whose ideas are stimulating, as well. Nothing annoys you more than to be in a group of people who can only talk about the weather. Your temper is high and you are apt to fly off the handle at any moment when you are crossed. Your common sense and good judgment return the moment you cool off, however.

You will be happiest if you wed early in life, for you are naturally loving and affectionate and want to be able to show your devotion. You may be rather cool and austere toward those whom you love just as much as to those who are members of your intimate family circle, you are impulsively demonstrative.

Among those born on this date are: Patrick Henry, statesman; Clark Voorhees, artist; Gilbert K. Chesterton, author; Oswald Spengler, historian; Beatrice Lillie, actress; Charles F. Richardson, educator; John Emerson, playwright.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MAY 30

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Be alert and keyed up to the potentialities of the day and home. The wrong word at the you will not miss out in anything.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Although your own ruler is favourable, there are some other aspects which are not so good. Act accordingly.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You may want to be humorous at the expense of someone! Don't! You could hurt this individual's feelings.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Stick to facts and ignore any gossip that comes your way or you may be seriously fooled about something very important.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Whether you call it Memorial or Decoration Day, it is an extra day of rest for you.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—It is possible that even on a holiday, you may have business matters to attend to.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Be co-operative at home. Join in a wholeheartedly with what the majority of the family wants.

## A Short Story By Fern Simms

# FIVE MINUTES TO NINE



THE sun shining in the window awakened Betsy. She glanced at the clock. It read five minutes to nine. Betsy's eyes flew open and she awakened fully with a shock. Five minutes to nine! That meant five minutes to get to school. She jumped out of bed and grabbed her clothes. As she hurriedly dressed she thought of her mother saying, "Betsy, I'll call you once, and if you don't get up the first time, I'll just let you sleep."

She couldn't rightly blame her mother for she was awfully hard to get up in the morning. Poor mother would call and call, and every time she came back into the bedroom, Daddy called her "Lazy Betsy."

★ ★ ★

There was no time to eat, so Betsy just ran out the back door, tripping over her pup, Spotty. "Sorry, Spot," she apologized. "No time for your walk this morning again." There wasn't even time to kiss her mother good-bye, and anyway, she was sure her mother was very angry. It was 10 blocks to school, and Betsy flew up and down the hills, panting for breath, her coat flying open and her hair a tangled mess. "Oh, I'm really late!" she cried for there were

no other children on the road. Worse yet, the policemen had already gone off their posts at the school crossings. The streets were deserted except for a cat and a few birds.

By the time Betsy reached the school block she was exhausted. She dreaded facing her teacher. Like her mother, Miss Perkins was thoroughly disgusted with Betsy.

"Betsy," she had said only yesterday. "If you are late once more, I'll see to it that you stay after school an hour each day for a whole month."

"A whole month," wailed Betsy as she neared the schoolhouse door. "That means I'll miss Cora's party."

She grasped the door handle and turned it. She pushed against the door. It was locked. Betsy was puzzled. Why was the door locked? It was so quiet. The pupils must be hard at work. It must be terribly late. Betsy slumped down on the school steps. She couldn't hold the tears back any longer. She wiped her eyes and left a dirty smudge on her face.

★ ★ ★

"Hi there. What are you doing there?"

Betsy looked up. It was Mr. Michaels, who delivered milk at her house. He walked toward Betsy, a quart of milk in his hand. Betsy sobbed louder when she saw she had a friend.

"I'm late for school," she cried. "Late!" exclaimed the milk man. "Why, it's only six o'clock in the morning. School starts at nine."

Betsy protested. "But my clock said five to nine." "Does your mother know you're here?" he asked. "No," answered Betsy. "I ran out of the house without telling her."

"Hop in the truck, Betsy. I'll take you home."

"May I deliver milk?" she asked hopefully, beginning to enjoy the adventure.

He smiled. "OK, deliver this across the street. But then we must get you home before your mother has the whole police department out looking for you."

Betsy delivered the milk and then hopped in the open truck. What fun it was to ride standing up looking out. It wasn't at all like riding in a car. Mr. Michaels was whistling happily. "Do you like your job?" she asked him.

"I sure do," he answered. "I like to be out bright and early in the morning. Somehow everything is different. It's quiet except for the birds singing—no traffic, and the air seems clearer and cooler."

"Yes," agreed Betsy. "I see what you mean. It's so peaceful, and yet you seem more alive."

He stopped at her house and handed her two bottles of milk. "Here, you can deliver your own milk."

Betsy laughed. "I never delivered my own milk before. Thank you, Mr. Michaels."

Mother was waiting at the door. "Where were you, Betsy? I was ready to call the police!"

Betsy explained all. Then she ran into the bedroom and brought out the clock. It still read "five to nine."

"Oh, Betsy," laughed mother. "We forgot to wind the clock last night, and it stopped."

"I'm glad it happened," said Betsy. "I had a wonderful time—that is, I did after I found I wasn't late. It's lovely out, and I'm starved." She picked up the excited Spotty. "I'm getting up early every morning, Spotty, and we'll walk together. We'll wave to Mr. Michaels, and maybe even chase a few cats."

## Why Mr. Punch Was Funny

—He Was Different From All the Others—

By MAX TRELL

"NOW when I was a boy," Mr. Punch said to Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, "I was a very funny fellow."

Mr. Punch who was somewhat funny to look at with his crab-apple nose and his eyes like buttons and his big round tummy, paused and smiled.

### Not His Appearance

"You mean, Mr. Punch," said Hanid, "that you were a funny fellow to look at?"

"I didn't mean that at all," said Mr. Punch rather sternly.

"I know!" exclaimed Knarf. "Mr. Punch means that he said funny things. And he did funny tricks. That's what made him a funny fellow."

Knarf was doomed to disappointment. "I didn't mean that either," said Mr. Punch.

Neither Knarf nor Hanid was able to figure out why Mr. Punch had said he was a funny fellow in those years long ago when he had been a boy.

So Mr. Punch now set about explaining what he meant exactly.

### Why He Was Funny

"Just let me tell you why I was such a funny fellow," he said after he had lit his pipe and Knarf and Hanid had sat themselves down at his feet.

"I was a funny fellow because I didn't play the games most children played, and I didn't like the toys that most children liked. I was different."

"How?" asked Hanid.

"Now take the games," said Mr. Punch. "Most children like to play tag or hide-and-seek or posy or hop-scotch or prisoner's base. I didn't play any of them."

Mr. Punch puffed at his pipe for a moment, then he continued.



Mr. Punch played leapfrog with real frogs.

timed. "I played the sort of game that you couldn't play with other children... like leapfrog."

Hanid said in astonishment. "Are you trying to say, Mr. Punch, that you played leapfrog with frogs?"

Mr. Punch nodded. "Yes, I'd go down to the swamp where all the frogs were, then they'd stand all in a line and I'd jump over their backs, and they'd jump over mine! Another game I played was cat-a-corner."

"You played it with real cats?"

"Naturally," said Mr. Punch. "I also played hare-and-hounds with hares and hounds. I played in the Cuckoo-Nest."

"And you played it in the cuckoo's nest?" said Knarf.

"The Biggest Ball"

Mr. Punch nodded again and went on. "My toys were funny, too, as I said before. I never bothered bouncing or throwing an ordinary ball. When I wanted a ball, I played with one of the biggest ones that anyone ever saw."

"Which one was that, Mr. Punch?" said Hanid.

"The moon!" said Mr. Punch. "Instead of spinning a top, I had a top big enough to spin me. I used to let it spin me every Saturday afternoon. I called my wonderful top that I could ride on, a merry-go-round."

"Did you fly a kite?" Knarf wanted to know.

Mr. Punch answered promptly. "I flew something bigger and better than a kite. I flew an aeroplane."

Knarf and Hanid no longer wondered why Mr. Punch had called himself a funny fellow when he was a boy so many long years ago.

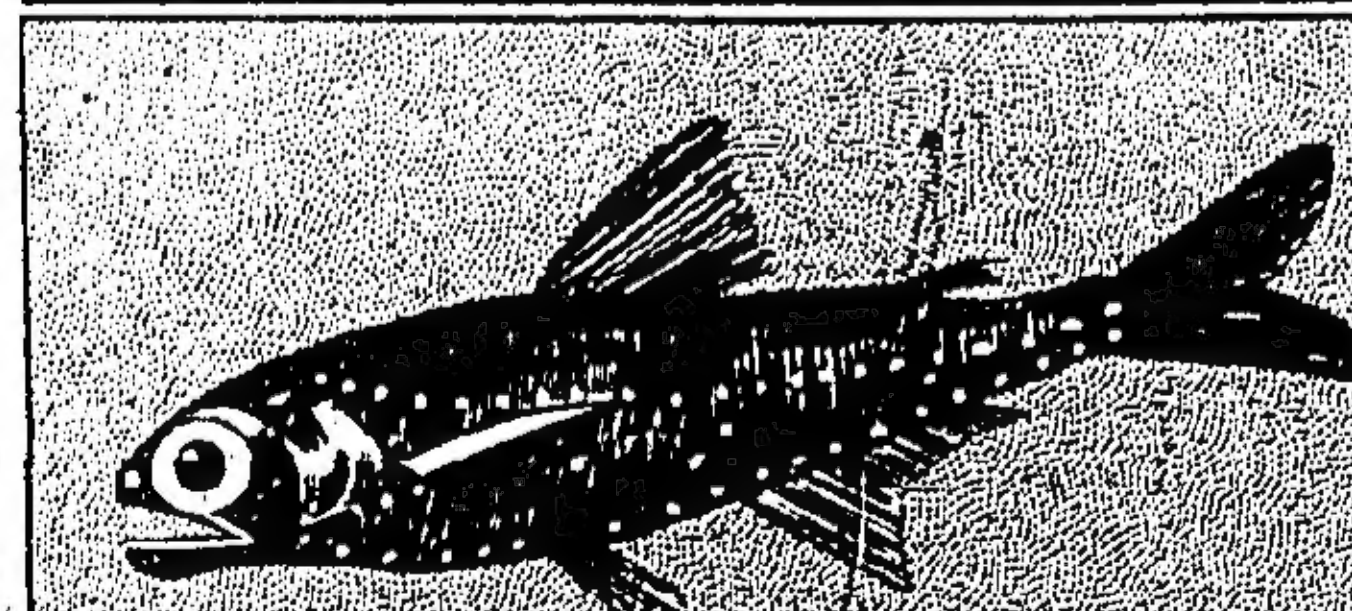
## Rupert and the Cold-cure—4



The strange reception he has received is so unlike the Professor's usual manner that for a moment Rupert only stops and stares. Seeing that he has not moved, the old gentleman cries to speak again, but is prevented by a series of tremendous sneezes. When he knows that he is being so strange to me today.

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## ZOO'S WHO



THE CURIOUS LANTERN FISH CREATES ITS OWN LIGHT AS IT SWIMS ABOUT THE DARK DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN WHERE IT LIVES BY MEANS OF PEARL-LIKE ORGANS OR GLANDS THAT GIVE OFF LIGHT.



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"STAR ARCTURUS"	July 26	July 27
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## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

### South Missed Boat In This Game Hand

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN West led the king of hearts, South looked at the dummy in great disappointment. "We missed the boat," South announced. As experienced players know, South meant that he wanted to be in a slam contract.

It's hard to blame South for his reaction, but the slam obviously depended on being able to draw the trumps without loss. This would be possible if the trumps broke in the "normal" fashion—three in one hand and two in the other opponent's hand—but the odds are only 2 to 1 in favour of such a break. In a healthy minority of cases, the suit will break worse than 3-2.

Moreover, the 3-2 break is a favourite when you have no information at all. When an opponent makes a takeout double and then raises his partner's re-

NORTH		WEST		EAST		SOUTH (D)	
♠ 653	♦ 954	♠ 1083	♦ 762	♠ 1083	♦ 762	♠ 1083	♦ 762
♣ 954	♥ 1065	♣ 954	♥ 1065	♣ 954	♥ 1065	♣ 954	♥ 1065
♠ 1083	♦ 762	♠ 1083	♦ 762	♠ 1083	♦ 762	♠ 1083	♦ 762
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♠ 1083	♦ 762	♠ 1083	♦ 762	♠ 1083	♦ 762	♠ 1083	♦ 762
♣ 954	♥ 1065	♣ 954	♥ 1065	♣ 954	♥ 1065	♣ 954	♥ 1065

sponse, it isn't unreasonable to think that he is very short in the suit that has been bid against him. As a matter of fact, it's unreasonable after such bidding to expect a "normal" break in the spade suit.

When the hand was actually played, declarer ruffed the opening heart lead, and took two rounds of trumps with the ace and king. West discarded the deuce of diamonds on the second trump, and South turned a bright red. He had missed a boat, but not the boat he had been talking about. He was going to lose his game contract.

South switched to diamonds, but East carefully waited until the third round of that suit to ruff. Then the defenders could take two hearts and two clubs, setting the contract two tricks.

South should have assured the contract by playing a low trump from both hands at the second trick. East would win the trump but would be unable to lead a heart, since dummy's last trump would be able to accept the ruff.

If East led a club, instead, West would take two club tricks, but the contract would still be safe. South could surely regain the lead, draw the rest of the trumps, and run the diamonds.

### CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been:  
North East South West  
1 Club Pass 1 Spade Pass  
2 N.T. Pass

You, South, hold:  
♠ KQ753 ♥ K946 ♣ K642

What do you do?

A—Bid three clubs. If North can show support for spades, you will go to a slam in spades. Otherwise you will jump to five no-trump to invite a slam in clubs or no-trump, whichever, partner prefers.

### TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:  
♠ KQ753 ♥ K946 ♣ K642

What do you do?

Answer on Monday

## TARGET

T	N	F
T	A	C
Y	D	U

HOW many words of four or more letters can you make from the letters in the word "TARGET"? Each word must contain the letters T, A, R, G, E, T. No letters may be used more than once. No plurals, no proper nouns, no proper names. TODAY'S TARGET: 15 words; 16 words. 17 words. 18 words. 19 words. 20 words. 21 words. 22 words. 23 words. 24 words. 25 words. 26 words. 27 words. 28 words. 29 words. 30 words. 31 words. 32 words. 33 words. 34 words. 35 words. 36 words. 37 words. 38 words. 39 words. 40 words. 41 words. 42 words. 43 words. 44 words. 45 words. 46 words. 47 words. 48 words. 49 words. 50 words. 51 words. 52 words. 53 words. 54 words. 55 words. 56 words. 57 words. 58 words. 59 words. 60 words. 61 words. 62 words. 63 words. 64 words. 65 words. 66 words. 67 words. 68 words. 69 words. 70 words. 71 words. 72 words. 73 words. 74 words. 75 words. 76 words. 77 words. 78 words. 79 words. 80 words. 81 words. 82 words. 83 words. 84 words. 85 words. 86 words. 87 words. 88 words. 89 words. 90 words. 91 words. 92 words. 93 words. 94 words. 95 words. 96 words. 97 words. 98 words. 99 words. 100 words. 101 words. 102 words. 103 words. 104 words. 105 words. 106 words. 107 words. 108 words. 109 words. 110 words. 111 words. 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